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LIFE AND BATTLES OF DAN. DONNELLY,

ONCE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The traits of Oliver have been so long known to the amateurs of the prize ring, that nothing new can be offered respecting him. Concerning Donnelly it is widely different. He has now shown his capabilities to the admirers of scientific pugilism in England; and the judgment pronounced upon his merits is briefly, this. The Irish Champion has not turned out so "good a fighter" as was anticipated: perhaps, to be more intelligible on this subject, he is not that decisive, tremendous hitter with his right hand which was calculated upon. In fact, he did not use his right hand at all; if he had, he must, in all probability, have decided the battle full half an hour sooner than it terminated. For game and coolness he is not wanting; but for obtaining "a throw or a fall," he will prove a very dangerous customer for any man on the list. Donnelly might have felt that sort of embarrassment which hangs about a provincial actor that first treads the London boards; and, to use his own words upon the merits of the above battle, he said, it was a bad fight; "and that he had acted like "*a wooden man*," and he could not account for it! His next essay, he thought, might prove altogether as different, from his success in defeating Oliver, who once put up for the Championship of England. Donnelly's right hand was frequently open when he hit. His face appeared, on leaving the ring, totally exempt from punishment, excepting some scratches upon his lips. His right ear, however, was strongly marked; but the principal hitting he sustained was upon the body. Neither did Oliver exhibit great severity of milling; yet he was terribly hit about the throat and ears; and also heavily on the body. The latter by no means punished Donnelly as he did Neat; but the heavy falls that Oliver received proves him to be thoroughly good in nature, a game man, and that he will contend for victory while a spark of animation is left in his composition. He never did nor never will say, No! The latter part of his career has been peculiarly unfortunate; he has been compelled to surrender in succession to Carter, Neat, and Donnelly; while on his onset in the prize ring the smiles of fortune cheered his efforts, and he won six battles straight forward, viz: Kimber, Hopping Ned, H. Lancaster, Cooper, Ford, and Painter. To speak impartially, it would be a violation of truth, if the above battle, under all the circumstances attending it, was not pronounced "a bad fight, respecting scientific movements."

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE BATTLE.

On the day previous to the mill, a noble lord called upon Donnelly, at Riddlesdown, about one o'clock in the day, and rather tauntingly observed, "that about that time to-morrow he might expect a pretty head and face, from the fist of Oliver." Donnelly (at all times facetious) looking the above personage full in the face, replied with much jocularity and ironical expression, "that he was not born in a wood, to be scared by an owl!" The laugh went round against the amateur of rank; and by way of softening the thing, he betted Donnelly £15 to £10 upon Oliver, which the Irish Champion immediately accepted.

One trait of Donnelly is highly worthy of notice; on quitting his room to enter the apartment of Oliver, the "colored handkerchief," which he had won, belonging to his fallen opponent, he would not publicly wear by way of exultation, or to wound the feelings of Oliver, but concealed it, by way of pad, in the green handkerchief which he wore round his neck.

Soon after Donnelly had arrived at Riddlesdown, Shelton, by the desire of an amateur, who offered to back him for £200, challenged the Irish Champion to fight his own time.

The seconds on both sides were upon the alert to bring their men through the piece: and every person was astonished to see the activity displayed by Tom Belcher in picking up so heavy a man as Dan Donnelly, and the industry used by Randall towards obtaining victory. The conduct of the Champion of England was cool and manly in the extreme; and Shelton never lost sight of a point that could assist Oliver.

The sporting houses were crowded with persons at an early hour in the evening, anxious to know the result; and the Castle Tavern, Randall's, Belch's, and Dingnam's, were overflowing with the well-pleased, warm hearted countrymen of Donnelly. The Irish part of the fancy won immense sums by this victory.

Donnelly received the following letter on the night previous to the fight, at Riddlesdown:

MR. DONNELLY:—We have the pleasure of informing you, that there is a subscription of £104 deposited in the hands of Mr. Barnett, ship-builder, at Blackwall, to be presented to you on the event of your battle with Oliver. Our committee consists of Mr. Barnett, as above; Mr. Russell, master of the King's Rope Manufactory; Mr. Simms, principal manager of the West India Docks; Mr. Hume, superintendent of the East India Docks, Mr. Conway, storekeeper of foreign wines and spirits; Mr. Norton, master of the East India Tavern; and seven other respectable shopkeepers and tradesmen of this place. We have laid a tolerable round sum on your winning the battle, and have been joined last night by nine Irishmen (by their particular request), who have wagered £136 on your side, and the money of both parties (252) deposited in the hands of Mr. Barnett; and when we proposed the subscription to them, they consulted together, and in five minutes agreed to give £2 10s. a man, being £22 10s. which they immediately delivered to Mr. Barnett; the whole subscriptions being £124 10s. We need not say, that we wish you success, and shall be exceedingly happy in seeing you at the East India Tavern, Blackwall, whenever it suits your convenience. Mr. Norton, the master of this tavern, will be very glad of announcing your arrival at Blackwall to us.

We remain most respectfully, yours, &c.
WILLIAM BARNETT, HENRY HUME,
JOSEPH RUSSELL, GEORGE CONWAY,
ARCHIBALD SIMMS, JAMES NORTON.
East India Tavern, Blackwall, July 20, 1819.

P. S. We hope Mr. Donnelly has no concern with Carter, or any other man of his character.

In case it should be a drawn battle, we engage to give Mr. Donnelly at least 30*l*.

In the course of a few days after the battle, Donnelly made the best of his way to the East India Tavern, Blackwall, in high spirits, to draw the blunt; but, on his producing the above letter to the landlord of the East India Tavern, it turned out a complete hoax, to Dan's mortification and disappointment.

Notwithstanding Donnelly's obtaining the victory over Oliver, it appeared to be the general opinion, that his talents had been much over-rated as a pugilist. Challenges, in consequence, flowed fast in upon him, and a nobleman offered Donnelly his choice out of Cooper, Shelton, Gregson, Sutton, Spring, Carter, Neat, Richmond, and Painter, for £100 aside. But Donnelly declined accepting any of them at that time.

The following document also appeared in the Weekly Dispatch, August 15, 1819.

A CHALLENGE TO DAN. DONNELLY, THE CONQUEROR OF OLIVER.

"I, the undersigned, do hereby offer to fight you for 1000 Guineas, at any place, and at any time, which may be agreeable to you, provided it be in England.

"ENOS COPE, Innkeeper.

(Witnesses) Wm. Baxter, C. Palmer, J. Alcock.

"Macclesfield, July 23, 1819."

Donnelly was now caressed in the most flattering manner by all ranks of the Fancy, but more particularly by his own countrymen; indeed, it might be said, that his days, if not a great part of his nights, were completely occupied in taking his drops from one end of the Long Town to the other, with his numerous acquaintances; in fact, Dignam's house was like a fair. Time thus rolled on very pleasantly, and although he was not absolutely a *Don Giovanni* in character; yet Dan, it appears, by the way of "seeing a bit of life," was taken by some of his *friends* to view the tricks and fancies that are continually played off in "Hell" upon its inmates; but instead of the Irish Champion's displaying any knowledge of his art in making a *hit*, on the contrary, it seems, he was severely *punished* for his folly before the *Devils* would let him out of the infernal regions.

Dan's blunt was now fast decreasing; but not reduced to so low an ebb as described by the poet:

As pensive one night in my garret I sat,
My last shilling produced on the table:

yet sufficiently low to remind Dan that a supply was necessary, and something must be done; therefore, after Mr. Donnelly had shown his "better half" all the fine places in and about London, he very naturally felt anxious to return once more to dear Dublin, where his presence alone might be turned to good account. It was accordingly agreed without any hesitation that his friend George Cooper and Gregson should accompany him on a sparring tour to Donnybrook Fair. But many things happen between the cup and the lip, it is said by those persons who are fond of proverbs; and just as Donnelly had taken his seat upon the Stage Coach, and in the act of bidding,

"Fare thee well for ever;
And if forever, fare thee well!"

to his numerous friends. An acquaintance of Dan's, (a swell bum-trap), who the former thought had also come to bid him "good bye," appeared close to the vehicle, and, in the most gentlemanly manner, told Donnelly that he wanted to speak to him. "And is it me you *mane*, Jemmy?" replied Dan; "don't be after joking with me now!" "Indeed I am not; here is the writ for £18," answered the officer. "And is it possible you want me at the suit of Carter? I do not owe the blackguard one single farthing. By de powers, it is the other way; Jack is indebted to me." However, at this moment, expostulation was useless. The coachman had got his whip in his hand, and the *two evils* before Dan only allowed him to make a momentary decision. The choice left to him was, either to lose his fare to Liverpool, which had been previously paid, and also the advantages likely to result from an exhibition of his talents at Donnybrook Fair, (which now admitted of no delay,) or to remain in London, and perhaps be screwed up for a short period in a spunging-house, Donnelly, in a great rage, as the only alternative left him, instantly discharged the writ, and galloped off from the Metropolis. It is true, Dan went off loaded with *fame*; but it is equally an undeniable fact, that he had only a

TWO-POUND NOTE

left in his pocket-book, after all his great success in London, to provide for him and Mrs. Donnelly on their route to the land of Erin.

TRIUMPHAL RETURN
AND
ENTRY
OF
SIR DAN DONNELLY,
*Knight of the Fives,**
INTO IRELAND.

Thousands of persons assembled on the beach to hail the arrival of the Irish Champion upon his native shore. Dan had scarcely shown his merry mug, when his warm-hearted countrymen gave him one of the primest *fil-le-lu's* ever heard, and "Donnelly for ever!" resounded from one end of the crowd to the other. A horse was also in readiness to carry him; as so great a person as "Sir Dan Donnelly" (who, it was said, was knighted by the Prince Regent for his bravery) could not be suffered to walk upon such an occasion. The Knight of the Fives was attended by the populace through all the principal districts of Dublin, amidst loud shouting, till he arrived at his house in Townshend street. Dan took his leave very gratefully of the multitude, and after flourishing a "symbol of the above order," for the honor of Ireland, and drinking their healths in a "noggin of whisky," they all retired, highly gratified at the dignified reception which the "Irish milling Chief" had experienced, on setting his stamper once more on the turf of Ould Ireland.

The sports of Donnybrook Fair, this year, August 27, (1819,) it seems, were considerably hightened by the presence of Donnelly, Cooper, and Gregson. It is thus described in a Dublin newspaper, "Carrick's Evening Post." "Upon no former occasion have we witnessed more enticement to the eye or palate; booths of a very superior and extensive nature were erected, in which equestrian voltigeur tumbling, sleight of hand, serious and comic singing, and other performances, were exhibited to the gazing multitude. Donnelly, for some reason that we cannot or are unwilling to account for, has no tent; but he has a booth, wherein Cooper, Gregson, and the Irish Champion, exhibited sparring, to the great amusement of an admiring, although limited audience: this booth was but hastily prepared, but the persons who obtained admittance appeared much pleased with the scientific display of these scientific pugilists. An amateur, we understand, of great eminence, from Liverpool, at a late hour in the evening ascended the platform (a ten-feet enclosed ring), and encountered Gregson with the gloves: he was evidently no novice in the milling school, and was much applauded. Cooper exhibited very superior science, and Gregson displayed the remnant powers of a very superior man. Dan was thought, by the amateurs present, to be much improved, but gave himself little trouble else than to show how things "might be done;" he was cheerful and laughing during each "set-to." The entire performance passed over in the most regular and quiet manner—the persons present seemed anxious to accord with the expressed wish of the pugilists, that the public peace should be rigidly attended to. The tents were not in the evening much crowded; but under "canopies" the mirth-inspiring song was heard, and the bag-pipe squeak, or dulcet sound of the fiddle, well accompanied in various places by a tripping on "the light fantastic toe." Tuesday the crowds were greater than upon any preceding occasion; the itinerant vocalists were not wanting to contribute their portion of harmony. A variety of songs were circulated, from which we select the following, which appeared to be in general demand —

"DONNYBROOK FAIR.

"TUNE—'*Robin Adair.*'

"What made the town so dull?
Donnybrook Fair.

What made the tents so full?
Donnybrook Fair.

Where was the joyous ground,
Booth, tent, and merry-go-round?
Where was the festive sound?
Donnybrook Fair.

Beef, mutton, lamb, and veal,
Donnbrook Fair.

Wine, cider, porter, ale.
Donnybrook Fair.

Whisky, both choice and pure,
Men and maids *most demure*,
Dancing on the *ground* floor,
Donnybrook Fair.

Where was the *modest* bow?
Donnybrook Fair.

Where was the *friendly* row?
Donnybrook Fair,

Where was their fun and sport?
Where was the gray resort?
Where Donnelly held his Court—
Donnybrook Fair.

"In the Irish Fives Court (Donnelly's booth)* at a late hour on Tuesday evening, a dramatic character, with the gloves, ascended the stage, but was evidently unable to ward off the blows of Cooper, his scientific antagonist. The entire evening passed off with uninterrupted tranquility."

CARTER'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE IN IRELAND.

The dispute between Carter and Donnelly, respecting the arrest of the latter, (whether right or wrong,) was not calculated to do Carter any good, even in the eyes of the sporting world in England; but in Ireland, it was very likely to prejudice the character of the Lancanshire Hero in the opinion of the Fancy, where Donnelly was their avowed hero, and so great a favorite. However, whether with more courage than prudence, or conscious that he had done nothing wrong, is not worthy of any loss of time, to inquire into;† Carter almost immediately followed Donnelly to Dublin, and lost no time in parading up and down Donnybrook Fair, going from booth to booth in an inebriated state, talking of serving out the Irish Champion. It must be admitted, on the part of Carter, that his conduct, although not regular and pleasant, did not look like any fear as to his person; yet, perhaps, it might be urged there was something like bravado in it. Be this as it might, it most certainly established a complete proof that Carter seemed sure of experiencing *fair play* in Ireland.

In consequence of the Irish amateurs wishing not only to witness their Champion again exhibit his finishing talents on the Curragh, but spurning anything like an imputation of the *white feather* being connected with the *plume* of their hero; and not, as it were, suffering him to be brow-beaten upon his own soil, tending to reduce his highly acquired renown, by a pugilist who they thought must soon fall when opposed to his all-conquering arm; a meeting took place on the subject by the friends of both parties; but owing to some trifling delay in making the match the following challenge, answer, and articles of agreement, appeared in the Dublin Journal.

CHALLENGE TO DONNELLY

To the Editor of the Dublin Journal.

"SIR,—I beg leave, through the medium of your paper, to intimate, that I am ready and willing to fight Daniel Donnelly for £200, to be lodged in proper hands, and I am induced to give him this *public* challenge, in consequence of his having hitherto declined to give a decided answer, on a late occasion, when I staked 10 guineas in the hands of a friend of his, who has neither covered nor returned the money, nor given me any satisfaction whether he is willing to fight me or not.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
"JOHN CARTER."

"*September* 18, 1819."

THE CHALLENGE RE-CHALLENGED AND REFUSED.

"DONNELLY AND CARTER.—The Committee of friends and supporters of Donnelly, the Irish Champion, have observed, with much surprise and regret, an advertisement in the Dublin Evening Post, and Correspondent of Saturday last, signed "John Carter." Their surprise was excited by the statement of a *public* challenge to Donnelly, when in fact a challenge had been previously exchanged and ratified; they regret, that any person placing himself before the public should so pervert facts: as to the deposit and binding of the combat, the friends of Donnelly have produced, and are still anxious to lodge, £200 in his support; they have repeatedly signified this intention, and appointed places for interview, at which neither Carter nor his friends (if he has any) have attended. If the object of Carter's advertisement is to retract, and regain his deposit, (a pretty good proof that no *public* challenge was necessary), although the sporting world would decide against the refunding of the 10 guineas in question—he shall cheerfully have it. The public will judge of his motives; but if Carter, previous to his projected immediate trip to Scotland, is not determined to shy the combat, Donnelly's friends are ready to lodge the £200 required, and only desire that Carter may be serious and determined; the determination of Donnelly's friends is to support him to the extent his opponents require, or to the amount of the original agreement, which was to fight for £500 in six weeks, at the Curragh.

'Let the galled jade wince—
'Our withers are unwrong.'

Committee Room, Sept. 20, 1819.

The battle between the above pugilists has at length been made, and the following are the articles:

"DUBLIN, Sept. 20, 1819.

"Mr. W. Dowling on one part, and Mr. L. Byrne on the other part. Mr. Dowling deposits £20 sterling, into the hands of Mr. John Dooly; the parties to meet at No. 20 Fowne's street, Dublin, on the 12th of October next, at two o'clock on the said day precisely, to make the above sum fifty pounds each; the combatants to meet within 30 miles of Dublin, on the 25th of November next, and then fight at twelve o'clock in the day—the place to be hereafter tossed for and named—for the sum of £200 sterling aside; the whole of the stakes to be made good on the 23d of November, two days previous to fighting, when the place will be appointed, or the £50 deposit money to be forfeited; to be a fair stand-up fight, half minute time, in a twenty-four feet ring; also, if the parties, or money for said parties, according to this article, do not meet on the 5th of October next, the present £20 stake must also be forfeited.

"JOHN CARTER, W. DOWLING,
D. D. L. BYRNE.
Present. Thomas Boylan, Robert Gregson."

To the mortification of the Irish Fancy, the above match went off, it is said, in consequence of the refusal of Donnelly to fight with Carter, unless the whole of the stakes were placed in the hands of some gentleman that he should appoint.* This was not agreed to.

Donnelly's lushing crib, in Pill† Lane, was now in a most flourishing state, and quite the resort of the amateurs. Carter also took a house in Barrack street, in opposition to the Irish Champion; and Bob Gregson opened a punch house in Moor street, Dublin. Milling topics were, therefore, the order of the day.

Dan was now "all happiness;" his house was overflowed nightly with company; the blunt pouring rapidly into his treasury; and his milling fame established, and placed on the highest eminence. He had nothing else to do but to enjoy the society of his friends and the pleasures of his glass, emptying the latter, and having it filled to the end of the chapter, without any expense, protracting the stay of his customers with the amusement they experienced from his facetious tales and anecdotes: but, alas! in the midst of this gay laughing scene, one of the ugliest customers Dan had ever met with introduced himself, without making any previous match, or agreeing as to *time*,‡ and, cruel to relate, gave the Irish Champion such a flooring hit, that all the wind in his body was knocked out in a twinkling—he never saw the scratch afterwards, and poor Dan closed his ogles for ever upon the prize ring.

* Donnelly said to Cooper, "When I defeated you, George, upon the Curragh, you got more money than I did; but when I fought Oliver in England, upon proving the conqueror, the whole of the money, 100 guineas, was presented to me. If this plan is adopted in Ireland, I have no objection to fight Carter."

† The following bit of wit was quite current in Dublin, it seems, on the amateurs meeting with each other:—"How are you, Pat, this morning?" "O, by de powers what with Dan's Pill's and Bob's Punches, my nob was so bothered last night, that I could not get home without calling for the assistance of a Carter."

‡ In Mrs. Thrale's "Three Warnings," Old Dobson grumbled to quit this life, even at fourscore years of age, and worn out with infirmities:—

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
"I seldon am a welcome guest!"
"Hold," says the former, "not so fast,
"I have been lame these four years past!"
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep you eyes;
"And sure to see one's loves and friends,
"For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," said Dobson, "so it might,
"But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
"Yet there's some comfort still," says Death.
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
"I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
"I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
"If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
"You've had your THREE *sufficient* WARNINGS!
"So come along, no more we'll part,"—
He said, and touched him with his dart.

But to poor Dan, who had never experienced a day's illness, and who flattered himself that his constitution was not to be reduced by any excess, this shock must have been great indeed. However, he was too *game* to complain of it, and suffered himself to be buried *decently*; and notwithstanding all the *waking* they gave to the KNIGHT OF THE FIVES, it seems, they never could make him *alive* to the subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Golden Eagle.

"This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country," observes Mr. Macgregor, in his account of America, "which skirts the rocky mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the Aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honorable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets, or smoking-pipes, used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the calumet eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey, and pounce upon it from a hight at which it is itself with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan, of a half breed Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief of his supernatural powers. In the midst of his harangue, an eagle was observed suspended, as it were, in the air, directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for, instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon.

"We saw the yerfalcon often during our journeys over the barren grounds, where its habitual prey is the ptarmigan, but where it also destroys plover, ducks, and geese. In the middle of June, 1821, a pair of these birds attacked me as I was climbing in the vicinity of their nest, which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake, in latitude 65½°. They flew in circles, uttering loud and harsh screams, and alternately stooping with such velocity, that their motion through the air produced a loud rushing noise; they stuck their claws within an inch or two of my head. I endeavored, by keeping the barrel or my gun close to my cheek, and suddenly elevating its muzzle when they were in the act of striking, to ascertain whether they had the power of instantaneously changing the direction of their rapid course, and found that they invariably rose above the obstacle with the quickness of thought, showing equal acuteness of vision and power of motion. Although their flight was much more rapid, they bore considerable resemblance to the snowy owl. At the period at which I saw them, the ground was still partially clothed with snow, and the lakes covered with ice; but the yerfalcon, like the *strix nyctea* of the same districts, is well calculated, from the whiteness of its plumage, for traversing a snowy waste, without alarming the birds on which it preys. As the ptarmigan partially migrate southwards in the winter, some of the yerfalcons follow them, and when one pounces down upon a flock, the ptarmigans endeavor to save themselves by diving instantly into the loose snow, and making their way beneath it to a considerable distance."

Hunting the Bear.

After resting for about half an hour (says Mr. Lloyd, in the Field Sports of the North of Europe), we again resumed the search for the bears, which we continued until near three o'clock, and until it was beginning to get dusk. At this time I was to the right of the line, which was proceeding in a westerly direction; when in the distance to the northward, and in a part of the forest we had not yet beaten, I heard my old dog Paijas giving tongue: this he did in such a manner that I had more than a suspicion he had found what we had so long been in search of. I now lost not a moment, but, leaving the people, ran as fast as the broken nature of the ground would permit, towards the spot where the dog was challenging, which might be at one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces distance. This was in a rather thick part of the forest, and in a clump of pines, around the foot of which though of some paces distant—for he probably remembered the rough treatment he had received upon a former occasion—Paijas still kept furiously baying. Though the dog had found the bears, I did not, at the first moment, observe the entrance to their den, which was an excavation in the face of a little rising, situated between, and partly formed by, the roots of the surrounding trees. But on discovering it, I at once sprang on to the top of the hillock; and, though at that time immediately over the den, the bears still remained quiet. On my hallooing, they felt so little inclination to leave their quarters, that the old bear simply contented herself with partially projecting her snout. At this, from its being the only point exposed to my view, I leveled my rifle, which was then pointed in a perpendicular direction. On reflection, however, I refrained from firing, as I considered that, though I might have smashed the fore part of her head to pieces, there was little chance of my killing her outright. Instead, therefore, of firing whilst in that situation, I stepped (and it certainly was not "the most prudent step" a man ever took), with my left foot in advance, directly over her, to the opposite side of the hole, when, wheeling about on the instant, and having then a full view of her head, from which the muzzle of my gun was hardly two feet distant, and my left foot still less, for it was partially in the entrance of the den itself, I sent a bullet through her skull. I now called loudly to the people, none of whom, nor even the other dogs, which had been questing to some birds in another part of the forest, had as yet come up—for I was rather apprehensive the cubs might attempt to make their escape. To prevent this I stood for a while over the den, in readiness to give them a warm reception with the butt-end of my rifle. But three or four minutes elapsed before Jan Finne, who was to the left of our line, Svensson, and the peasants, made their appearance: for, strange to say, though Paijas had been in Jan Finne's possession for several years, he either did not recognize his challenge, or he had not a suspicion it was the bears; and in consequence neither he nor the people moved from where I had left them, until they heard my shot. My apprehensions as to the cubs attempting to escape were, however, groundless, for they still continued quiet; at first, indeed, we could see nothing of them, for the old bear, as is usual with those animals when they have young, was lying in the front of the den, and we therefore almost began to think we had hit upon a bear distinct from those of which we were in search. But on the people introducing a stake, and moving the old bear a little to the side, one of the cubs, and subsequently a second, and a third exhibited themselves, all of which I dispatched either with my own or with Jan Finne's rifle. The work of death being at length completed, we drew the bears out of their den. This was, however, of such small dimensions, that it was the admiration of us all how they could have stowed themselves away in it. Bears usually prepare their winter quarters during the autumnal months, and sometimes previously to taking possession of them; but the animals of which we are now speaking, having been disturbed from their original lair at a time when the ground was hard frozen, and when it was, of course, much more difficult to imbed themselves in the earth, probably accounted for the small size of the excavation in which we found them. The old bear had attained her full growth; the cubs were nearly a year old, and of about the size of large dogs. The whole of them were in tolerably good condition.

☞ A boy, seventeen years of age, was shot down in the streets of Cincinnati and robbed, on the 1st inst., in the day time. Robbery seemed to be the only object for the violence. He had but two dollars with him.

Terrier and Opossum Fight.

Mr. Ferguson had a terrier bitch, about sixteen months old, liver and white, weight about 25½lbs. Mr. Jenkins had an opossum, brought from New South Wales, supposed to be about three years old, and weighing 37lb. The opossum is something like a fox (and thence called the vulpine opossum), but inferior in size; and the toes on the fore feet are five in number, the inner one high up, and inverted, with remarkable strong claws to each; the hind feet have four toes, and a thumb, of two joints, without a claw; the legs are short, but well put together; it has in each jaw four grinders, and eight canine teeth, which are longer, more sharp and pointed than the generality of them. The bitch and opossum fought on the 6th of January, 1829, and the day being very rough, the fight was obliged to take place in a barn instead of Hempton Green, as had been contemplated, to the vexation of numbers who could not get admission at any price, so much stir did the affair make in the neighborhood. A great deal of betting took place previous to the match, at guineas to pounds, possey the favorite; and some of our Norfolk knowing and learned country swells, who were acquainted with the "nature of the beast," (after seeing the excellent trim he was got into by his trainer Jemmy Neal) even went as high as three to two, and I did hear of two to one being offered, but cannot state it as a fact. The bitch received the attentions of Tom Riffley.

Round 1st. Possey looked very well, shook his bushy tail, and darted at the bitch as quick as lightning, caught her by the shoulder, and tore a piece out of it; and then drew back, made another spring at the fore leg, but missed it. Meantime the bitch was not idle—she made several attempts at a hold, but the gentleman's furry coat deceived the poor bitch, who brought away a mouthful of his outer garment every time she sprung at him; at length, she caught him "where the Irishmen put their lundy," 'and punished him severely, while he returned it by making use of his claws, with which he scratched dreadfully. At length, he got away, and was taken to his house; and after two minutes rest, began

Round 2d. Both darting at one another, their heads met, and both were knocked over. Returning, Possey seized the bitch by the throat, and threw her quite over him, flung out his hind feet, and almost knocked all the wind out of the bitch (four to one on Possey freely offered; no takers.) The bitch fought shy till she got a little wind, then made for him, seized his proboscis, and pulled him about in good style in spite of his claws, which made dreadful havoc with the bitch; Possey got away, and was taken to his house. This lasted nine minutes and a half.

Round 3d. The bitch made first play, and began by taking Mr. Possey by the nose, where she held him, and pulled him about for two minutes and a half, he keeping his claws in exercise all the while, when she lost her hold and sprung at his neck (which in the previous round, she had cleared of the fur) which she lacersted in a shocking manner, when he got away, and was led to his house. Possey became rather weak from the loss of blood, but was restored upon Riffley applyng something to his nostrils.

Round 4th, and last. The bitch again made for the foreigner's neck, where she left the marks of her toothy work; she then seized him by the shoulder, got an excellent hold, and for the first time, Possey uttered a dismal yell, and, on getting away, made for his house, from whence he could no more be brought to the scratch. The bitch was consequently declared the winner.

The fight lasted thirty-seven minutes.

The Robber and the Snake.

The following anecdote, which is extracted from a work entitled, "Tales of the North-West," displays such unheard of temerity, hardihood, daring, courage, bravado, and contempt of death in an individual, call it by any of those terms the reader may think proper, that it scarcely appears credible; and we do not know in the whole course of our experience, and great variety of reading, ever to have met with anything like it. We recollect that upon the ex-pugilistic champion, Tom Cribb, (and a man possessing more real or true courage, is not to be found in the whole world,) once being tossed by a bull, that in his rage and surprise at the moment, Tom wished he was a "Bull for the Bull's sake!" that he might have tossed the bull into the air in his turn; but let the determined resolution of the robber in his struggle with the serpent speak for itself:

The boat having arrived at the portage of the Wisconsin, on its return to the Sioux country, it was necessary to dry a part of the cargo, which had been wet by a shower the night preceding. The canvas used to cover Macinac boats was spread upon the ground to dry. While Le Duc and his men were engaged in eating, an enormous rattlesnake crept out of the grass, and stretched himself in the sun upon the canvas, thinking, it is probable, that it was placed there for his reception. It is well known that this reptile is a generous enemy, never doing any injury unless molested, nor then, without giving warning. When Pinchon and his comrade returned, they perceived the individual in question.

Le Duc seized a stick to kill it, but Pinchon held his arm, while the serpent regarded them with the utmost indifference.

"Joe Le Duc," said Pinchon, "we are called brave men. Should you like to try which is the best entitled to the name of the two?"

"And how should that be tried? you do not wish to fight with me, I hope? I have no inclination of that kind myself; I would far rather drink with you."

"Nay, it can be tried without fighting. Dare you—will you catch that snake in your bare hands?"

"Despardieux! no! I will fight the Indians with you, as long and as often as you please, but I will not fight such an enemy as that."

"Well, then, it shall never be said that I feared man or beast. If you will not catch him, I will."

Disregarding all remonstrance, the desperado laid himself down within a few feet of the reptile. He moved his hand towards him as slowly as the hand of a clock, while the snake raised his head, and looked him steadily in the eye, without offering to strike. When he had advanced his fingers within six inches of the serpent, he snatched it up by the neck, as quick as thought, and sprung upon his feet, holding it out at arm's length. The reptile, after a few revolutions of its tail, fixed it firmly around the man's neck, and began to contract his body. Though one of the strongest of men, he felt his arm bend, in spite of all the force of his muscles. Still his iron nerves remained firm. He grasped his right wrist with his left hand, and resisted with all his might; but the snake was too strong for him, when, at last, he saw its white fangs within six inches of his face, his courage gave way, and he cried to Le Duc to come with his knife.

The snake was severed in two, and Pinchon cast the part he held from him. The animal had attained the full growth of its species, and had thirty-two rattles!

A Chinese Gamestress.

YOUNG HOO VS. OLD FAT.

It would seem according to the "*Canton Register*," that the Chinese have their "*Hells*" as well as the English folks; and we have no doubt but they have their "finish" too, if we could find it out: but no matter; Madame Fie chung-po, i. e. Old Lady Fat, now in her sixty-seventh year, in her youth was the wife of a tea-merchant, and who, after her husband's death, lived in the most distressing poverty for some years, inasmuch as she often attempted to make an end of herself. Having come into possession of a small house, she sold it and commenced gamestress. She was successful, and became famous among the Chinese gentlemen blacklegs. She gamed either with ladies or gentlemen, and was liberal to the police, and daily increased in fortune, till she reckoned her property, not by hundreds and thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. However, Lady Fat is now in limbo. The notable magistrate of Pwang-yu district has a prodigal son, who lost one night one thousand dollars in playing with Lady Fat. He was chagrined, raised the wind, and went to play again. Her Ladyship was afraid of the Magisterial gamester, and refused. Young Hoo became angry; laid a plot to entrap Lady Fat; had her seized; tried to extort; failed; and was forced to show her up to his father. The plot thickened; the father was enraged at his son's turpitude; resolved to punish all parties to the utmost rigor of the law; reported it to his superiors; imprisoned Lady Fat, whose official friends stood aloof in the day of need; and is there, in prison, according to the last accounts, where she is likely to remain, until death frees her from bondage.

Presence of Mind.

In the hight of the dry season, when in those torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the wood-cutters, English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighborhood of a lake called Pies Pond, in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay to wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbors, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosened his teeth to take a new and surer hold; and, when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand, and carried off. He then crawled up a neighboring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day, dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.

Zoology.

The collections recently brought from India, by M. Dussumier, for the Museum at Paris, are of great value. When the weather permitted, M. Dussumier never lost an opportunity of fishing; at Sechelles, the Isle of France, Bourbon, St. Helena, on the coasts of India, in the rivers and even in the deep sea—in consequence of which, he has obtained a vast mass of fishes, some of them entirely new, others of which only imperfect specimens had hitherto been procured. He has also brought from India quadrupeds which have never been seen in Europe in modern times, but with which the ancients were nevertheless acquainted—such as the four-horned antelope, mentioned by Ælian, and in cabinets—of which nothing is to be found in the collection of skulls, except an incomplete head. This animal, which M. Dussumier brought alive from Bengal, died on its way from Bordeaux to Paris, but its remains have been preserved. Another rare animal, the long-lipped bear, has been more fortunate, and is now in the Parisian menagerie. M. Dussumier is desirous of returning to Canton and Manilla, to make further researches; and M. Cuvier has proposed to the French Academy to defray a portion of the expense of the expedition.

* This order, in spite of the musty records of the College of Heralds, takes the precedence of all others. It is an act of nature. It was acknowledged and in estimation before the existence and authority of Emperors and Kings. The use of the "FIVES" originated with *Ould* ADAM: Eve had also a *finger* in it: and it was *handed* down from generation to generation. NOAH could not do without "*this Order*" in the ark, and therefore carefully *preserved* it as one of his greatest treasures. It also proved of most essential service to *St. Patrick* in carrying his cross to Ireland; and it was propagated in that most prolific soil, with so much zeal and enterprise, that even the admired antique relic of the "SHILELAH" is compelled to acknowledge its priority of existence. In the revival of "the Order of the Fives," then, in the person of the late Champion of Ireland, by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the warm-hearted and generous people of Ireland applauded this heroic act to the skies. The writer of this article, who is always fond of *date*, whenever within his reach, knowing the great value attached to AUTHORITY, has not yet had an opportunity of *searching* the BOOKS of the Herald's College in Dublin; nor can he boast of the advantages resulting from being a *Courtier*, in having witnessed the *sword* waved over the late Sir Dan's *nob*, that dubbed him a *Knight* of this most *striking* order. But at all the *transactions* which take place at the COURT OF FIVES, it is scarcely possible that a MORTAL could TEN across it without being *bothed* in his register of milling events. He is also too well *schooled in the* PRIZE RING, to doubt either the *honor* or *courage* of a fighting hero; and therefore, he takes it for granted, that the late SIR DAN DONNELLY received the *honors of Knighthood*, and also, that it was an *honorary* thing altogether, without any *tip* being demanded!!!

* The Irish Champion's booth was built in a large yard at Donnybrook Fair; it continued for a week in a most successful manner; but it seems it might have turned out much more lucrative to all the parties concerned, if DONNELLY had attended to the performances better. His countrymen made too much of him, and were so continually plying him with a *drop of the creature*, that the exertions of DONNELLY were in a great degree prevented; and, therefore, COOPER and GREGSON were compelled to be the principal actors in the scene. The former scientific boxer was particularly well received by the *Irish Fancy*.

† The writer of this article never enters into the private quarrels of the pugilists. His only anxiety is to represent every circumstance connected with the Prize Ring with accuracy and fidelity. He entertains no prejudices; neither has he any *partialities* to gratify. The boxers, in this respect, are all alike to him.

GREAT FIGHT

BETWEEN

TOM PADDOCK, *of Redditch,*

AND

HARRY POULSON, *of Nottingham,*

FOR £100 A SIDE.

The "rubber mill" between these hardy demonstrators of the "noble art" was played on Tuesday last under the most favorable auspices, on the same ground where Hayes and Jones settled their differences exactly three months before. The day was magnificent, the company select, the ring well kept, the battle fairly and manfully contested from first to last, and the spectators, therefore, losers as well as winners, could not but be satisfied with their day's sport. It being well known to the Astic world that the combatants were what is termed heavy weights, and that neither of them was ever disposed to cry *peccavi*, without receiving a more than ordinary share of punishment, expectation was on the tiptoe, and as it was fully believed that the attendance of spectators on the occasion of the mill would be something marvellous, unusual preparations were, therefore, made to provide for the anticipated throng. Contrary to all probable calculation, however, we found, on arriving at the Shoreditch station, from which the expedition was to start, that the muster of the paying public was extremely scanty, but whether that was attributable to the coldness of the weather, or to superior attraction elsewhere, we are at a loss to decide. Of this, however, we feel certain, that if any of the Ring going public stopped away under the mistaken notion that the mill, being a third encounter between the same men, would therefore be a bad one and not worth witnessing, they will feel not a little annoyed on perusing the following account. Many, we are aware, do labor under the idea that after two battles the same men seldom make a good exhibition in the P. R., and perhaps in the main they are right, for it often happens that in the course of a couple of contests the belligerents get so accustomed to each other's tactics that neither likes to take the initiative, and the consequence is a tedious and protracted encounter. The battle now under notice was of a widely different character, and those who had the courage to brave the keen frost of the morning, were gratified far beyond all their expectations and hopes by one of the most gallant and determined struggles it has ever been our lot to witness. The nominal hour of starting was half-past eight, and shortly before that hour the crowd in the neighborhood of the station gave evidence that something unusual was on the tapis, all the East Enders having turned out in a body to catch a glimpse of the heroes of the day. The first to arrive was Harry Poulson, who entered the station accompanied by Jerry Noon, Jack Callaghan, and a few Nottingham friends. He looked hard as nails, and his bright eye and confident smile betokened robust health and condition. He was quickly followed by the Redditch champion, in attendance upon whom was his trainer, Tom Sayers. The Redditch, like the Nottingham champion, was well up to the mark, nor was the smile of self-esteem less remarkable upon his rubicund mug. Both men set to work immediately to dispose of their colors among their friends and admirers, and, judging from the number of flags we shortly saw suspended around the figure-heads of the intending *voyageurs*, we should say that neither of them had any reason to complain of want of success. The managers of the train, Ben Caunt, Alec Keene, Mr. Hibburd, and Paddock's principal backer, finding that the travelers poured in but slowly, obtained a prolongation of the time appointed for starting, but still the arrivals were few and far between.

Many were the petitions from a class who are at all times more free than welcome, to be permitted to go down on payment of half a guinea (just half the second class fare); but they were one and all peremptorily rejected, the charterers of the train having made up their minds to put up with a little loss rather than suffer the inconvenience arising from the turbulence and insubordination of those gentry.

Just before the bell rang for starting, the most daring of these freebooters made a rush at the doors in the hopes that they might effect an entrance to the platform, which once obtained, further bar to their progress would be next to impossible. The burly form of the ex-champion, Caunt, and the activity of Alec Keene being added to the railway force, the attack was effectually resisted and the doors were closed. The bell rang for starting, and at a quarter before nine o'clock we were off. The atmosphere was slightly misty as we left the station, but, on emerging into the country, the sun shone forth brilliantly, and, although there was a hard frost, it was as lovely a morning as we ever enjoyed. All were in excellent spirits, and there being a saloon carriage provided for the Corinthians, and the commissariat being under the care of Mr. Dan Pinkstone, who displayed more than ordinary talent as a caterer, means were not wanting to render the journey down to the scene of action a very agreeable trip. The engine driver appeared to feel the invigorating effect of the fresh morning, and putting on extra steam, brought us to the appointed station at a quarter past eleven o'clock. Here the veteran commissary received his orders from the appointed authority, and proceeded at once, accompanied by his son and Tom Callas, to form the lists, and, this done, the men and their friends repaired to the scene of action. On all being assembled, there were not more than 200 persons present, and of these nearly one half were inhabitants of the district. The attendance being so scanty, there was, of course, no difficulty in forming an inner and an outer ring, there being plenty of room for all, so but few inner ring tickets were disposed of [in the whole only 17], and of these Dan Dismore had to sell several at half price. We saw many persons, in the inner ring without tickets, who had no excuse for being there, and who, we presume, were allowed to remain there as friends and backers of the ring keepers; but in future either arrangements must be made to prevent their intrusion at all within the ropes of the outer ring, or to compel them to pay the small amount demanded for the accommodation of a nearer view—the more especially as the sum collected goes towards paying the expenses of keeping the ring, and thus enabling them to enjoy their favorite sport, and contributes towards the prevention of that downfall of pugilism which, without some such regulations as have recently been adopted, would infallibly take place. We trust this hint will be deemed sufficient, and that the gentlemen in question [we do not allude to one or two in particular] who can afford to sport their 'fivers' and 'tenners' on the result of a fight, will not, on future occasions, refuse to 'shell out a dollar,' as Jerry Noon would say, towards the support of the Association of Pugilists.

Circumstances which came under our notice on Tuesday last have drawn from us the above observations. We will now turn to a more agreeable theme—the heroes of the day, their appearance and performances, which in our last we promised should this day be placed before our readers, and proceeding according to seniority, we will commence with Harry Poulson.

This veteran and comparatively unknown 'pug' was born at Nottingham in 1817, and is consequently 36 years of age. He stands about 5ft. 7in., or 5ft. 7½in., and weighs when in condition about 11st. 8lb. His figure-head is not unlike that of his fellow-townsman, the renowned Bendigo, although he does not present quite such a wide-awake frontispiece as that eccentric hero. His figure reminds one somewhat of Harry Orme, but being rather shorter and heavier, he is of course proportionately more bulky than the gallant Harry. He is by 'profession' a ballast heaver, an occupation which naturally tends to an extraordinary muscular development of the arms, back, loins, and chest. He has always been a lover of milling, and has fought many by-battles in his native place. His first appearance of which we have any record, was his battle with Tom Paddock at Sedgebrook, near Grantham, on the 23d Sept., 1851, when, after a hard mill of 71 rounds, in 95 minutes, he was proclaimed the victor, his tactics at in-fighting having completely baffled the Redditch champion. Paddock, however, was not satisfied with a single trial, and he therefore made a fresh match, which came off on the 16 of December following, at Belper, Derbyshire, when another desperate struggle was the result. This time, however, Paddock contrived to change the aspect of affairs, and was in his turn the conqueror, the fight occupying 95 minutes, the number of rounds being 96. After this Poulson appears to have lain idle, and beyond a few nibbles, and a journey up to town in hopes of a match last year, to which we alluded in our last, did not again make his appearance in the P. R. until Tuesday last. Paddock's history is doubtless more familiar to our readers. He was born in 1824 at Redditch, near Wolverhampton; he stands nearly 5ft 11in in height, and his weight 11st 8lb. He always has a healthy color on his cheeks, and although his mug is what may be termed good tempered, there is a look of determination about his mouth which shows clearly that when called upon he can take his own part, and that whosoever his adversary may be he will find opposed to him a man not to be shaken off without a more than ordinary share of punishment. His first essay in the roped arena was Dec. 3, 1844, with one Elijah Parsons, a heavier and older man than himself, over whom he obtained an easy victory in 23 rounds and 22 minutes. We next find him engaged with Nobby Clarke, who, it will be remembered, is a taller, heavier, and much cleverer boxer than himself. The determination and pluck of the gallant Tom, however, supplied the place of science, and Mr. Clarke finding he had caught a tartar, thought it prudent to cut it, after fighting 44 rounds, in 55 minutes, on the 27th of January, 1846. In the following year Nobby again screwed his courage to what he thought was the sticking-place; but he appears to have been mistaken, as we find that on the 6th of April, 1847, Paddock again obtained a victory, Clarke having struck him a foul blow at the end of 35 rounds, occupying 48 minutes. Our hero's next encounter was with Bendigo, on the 5th of June, 1850, when the veteran ex-champion was so completely baffled by the desperate onslaughts of his more youthful adversary, that many thought the old-un would be beaten at last. Patience and cunning, however, ultimately conquered, for Bendy having resorted to his old game of dropping, Paddock was unable to control his temper, and gave him "one for his nob" while on his knees, and that, too, in such a deliberate manner, that the referee had no alternative, and awarded the stakes to Bendy. His next fight he also lost by a foul blow; it was with the Tipton Slasher, and took place by moonlight, at Woking, Dec. 17, 1850, occupying 42 minutes during which 27 rounds were fought, Paddock was here completely overmatched, and again did his ungovernable temper lead him into mischief. This brings us to his two encounters with his present adversary, the results of which are given above. After their Belper fight, as we stated last week, both men and their seconds received appointments in Derby gaol, which, however galling to their love of liberty, doubtless contributed not a little towards restoring the health of Poulson, who at the time was in great suffering, and did much, as we can ourselves testify, to soften the temper of Tom Paddock, and to render him a totally different being. After the present match was made Poulson remained at his regular employment until about six weeks ago, when he came to town, and was placed by Caunt in the hands of the eccentric but clever Jerry Noon, who took him to Hove, near Brighton, and there, by lots of hard exercise and good feeding, got him into such good condition as must have satisfied his most ardent well-wishers, and reflected infinite credit on his trainer. Paddock trained at Mr. Patton's, the Old Hats, at Ealing, under the superintendence of Tom Says, occasionally receiving some very valuable instructions from Jem Ward, who often went down purposely to set-to with him, and, like his opponent, was as fit as a fiddle. Sayers spared no pains, and must feel much gratified that his efforts have been crowned with success, for we cannot help thinking that had not Paddock been bang up to the mark, the result would have been otherwise.

As soon as the men had commenced their toilettes, Poulson, under the management of Jemmy Welsh and Jerry Noon, and Paddock, equired by Jemmy Massey and that prince of seconds Jack Macdonald, a great deal of betting took place. The men laid an even tanner, and their example was quickly followed. The backers of Paddock stood out for odds, but the Nottingham men declined laying more than 10 to 9, grounding their confidence in laying even these short odds, on the fact that when Poulson was vanquished last by Paddock, he was suffering from a disease which almost incapacitated him from any severe exertion. At length, at half-past twelve, all was in readiness, time was called, the men were conducted to the scrtch, and the usual ceremony of "hands across" having been gone through, commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On the men throwing themselves into attitude their appearance was carefully scanned; the enormous development of muscle on Poulson's arms and his blade bones, created much astonishment among the London fancy; but still they were confident in the man of their adoption, Paddock, who stood completely over his opponent, and to all appearance was likely to have it all his own way. No time was lost by either in sparring, or in the selection of a classical attitude. Poulson instantly dashed in, and planted his right on Tom's ribs, and then on his mouth. Paddock was with him, and a shower of half-arm hits took place, each getting pepper on the side of the nut until both fell.

2. Poulson lost no time, but at once commenced pounding away with his right, with which he reached Tom's snout heavily, and then his potato trap, from which the first vintage of the season was instantly perceptible, and Paddock slipped down. *First blood* for Poulson was decided, amidst the cheers of the Nottingham lads.

3. Paddock, first at the scratch, led off with his left, but was too high, the blow reaching Harry's forehead. Poulson countered him severely on the left cheek. This led to a heavy slogging rally, in which Poulson again visited Tom's cheek, while the latter tapped the claret from a bin over Harry's larboard peeper, and Poulson fell.

4. Paddock again led off, and just reached Poulson's right eye. Poulson was with him, and some sharp counters took place, Paddock catching it on the nozzle from Poulson's left, and the latter napping a heavy one on the knowledge-box. They now broke away, and again went at it. Paddock let fly his left and right viciously on the left side of Poulson's cranium and on his forehead, while Poulson countered him with severity on the tip of his snout, and then slipped down.

5. Paddock again went in, and tried to open the ball, but caught it severely on the ribs from Harry's right; he, however, succeeded in landing a little one on Poulson's right ogle. Both now banged away at close quarters, Poulson again on the nose and cheek, and Paddock on the left side of the head, and in the end both were down.

6. Both now sparred for wind, but at length seemed to make up their minds simultaneously, and again went to work. Some random shots were exchanged at half-arm distance, but no apparent mischief was done, and they rolled over together.

7. Paddock let go his left, bnt it passed over Harry's occiput. A second shot reached Poulson's os frontis, but for this Paddock was beautifully countered by Poulson on the mouth, a tremendous hit, which drew more of the old Oporto, and made Tom look two ways for Sunday. More yard-arm and yard-arm business followed, in which no quarter was given, but both dinged away wildly, until Paddock was down, with the worst of the hitting.

8. Paddock, who was much flushed, led off with his left on the forehead, but rather too high. This brought them to in-fighting, until Paddock got down on his knees, when Poulson delivered a "hot one" on the smeller. A claim of *foul* was made for Paddock, but not allowed, the blow having left Poulson's shoulder before Paddock reached the ground.

9. Paddock again tried to lead off, but was stopped twice in succession. A third attempt reached Poulson's nozzle, removing the bark, and drawing the claret; Poulson, however, beautifully countered it, and drew more of the ruby from Tom's snuff-box. Poulson then let go his right wildly, and caught Tom on the left peeper, drawing another cork. Paddock returned the compliment also, causing the liquor to flow. Hitting right and left, and no stopping, was the order of the day, until Paddock fell, with all the worst of the hitting, although his adversary had not escaped unharmed.

10. Both came up with the crimson slowly distilling from their left eyes. Paddock quickly led off with the left, but was countered on the left eye heavily, when Poulson dropped on one knee, and looked up as if expecting a blow, Paddock, who might have struck him, held his hand, however, and walked away.

11. Poulson instantly dashed out his right heavily on the side of Paddock's nut, but the blow seemed to be open-handed. A merry rally ensued, in which some sharp half-arm hits were exchanged, Paddock especially receiving some severe bangs on the ribs. In the end both were down.

12. Paddock feinted, and let go his left a cross-hit on Poulson's left cheek, and then the same mawley on the smeller, drawing more burgundy from the cut on the bridge. Poulson was not idle, but returned sharply on the left peeper and snout, and Paddock slipped down.

13. Poulson stopped two well intended left-handers, and attempted to get to close quarters, but Paddock slipped down.

14. Paddock rushed wildly in, and after some random exchanges on the ribs, Poulson slipped and fell against a stake.

15. Poulson let go his right, but missed; Paddock then went in, and both rattled away in fear-nought style, until Paddock fell, still with the worst of the hitting, the left side of his wig-block being considerably out of the perpendicular.

16. Paddock let go his left on the nose, and Poulson returned with his right on the cheek. Paddock fell through the ropes, but quickly jumped up and renewed the round. He feinted, and caught Harry on the snuff-box heavily with his left, and received a ledger on the cheek in return. Poulson then made his right with effect on the mouth, again turning on the main, and both in the end fell.

17. Paddock again led off with his left, but without effect, Poulson countered him heavily on the ribs, and Paddock once more tried his left, but was short. Poulson returned with quickness on the left squinter, which led to some sharp exchanges and counter-hits. Both got it warmly on the conk and left eye several times in succession. It was a tremendous round, in which Jack was as good as his master, and in the end both were down.

18. The left side o Tom's nut was considerably swollen, and, as Jerry Noon remarked, shone like a new boot, while Poulson's mug was at present but little altered in appearance. Paddock sent out his left on the right eye, but the blow lacked steam. Poulson returned on the left cheek, and a sharp rally ensued, at the end of which Paddock fell on his latter end.

19. Poulson rushed in, but without any apparent plan, and he and his adversary rolled down together.

20. Poulson led off on the side of Paddock's head with his right, and then delivered the same hand on the mouth. Counter-hits followed, Tom on the nose, and Harry on the kissing trap, and this brought them to a rally, in which Poulson received on the left side of the snout, from which more cochineal dye was extracted. Paddock napped it on the left cheek, and in the end got down.

21. Paddock popped in his left on the bread-basket, without much effect, and Poulson quickly returned with his right on the ribs. For this Tom nailed him on the snout, and Poulson then went in with determination, slogged away with both hands, the left without precision, and the right with effect on the side of Tom's phisog Paddock caught him, in return, on the left peeper, which was now showing signs of a shut up, and Poulson got down.

22. Poulson opened the pleadings, by a declaration from his right on Tom's ribs. Paddock retaliated on the snout, whereupon Poulson rushed in, and swung out his right, but Paddock stopped the blow, and delivered his left on the smeller. Poulson again went in, and got home on Tom's left cheek. Tom, however, succeeded in delivering an upper-cut on the left ogle, and Poulson slipped down.

23. Paddock, on time being called, went at once to Poulson's corner, and let fly his left on the forehead. He tried it again, but was stopped. Some slight exchanges, without mischief, followed, and Poulson slipped down.

24. Poulson dashed in but was stopped. He made a second attempt, which reached Tom's proboscis, and a third lunge went heavily home on the ribs. Paddock returned on the forehead, and Poulson again slipped down.

25. Paddock popped in his left on the bridge of the nose, and Poulson instantly returned with precision on the side of his nut, and Paddock dropped.

26. Poulson rushed in, caught Tom a heavy spank with his right on the left cheek, and fell from the force of his own blow.

27. Poulson rattled in, made his left on Tom's left, and slipped down.

28. No time lost on either side. On getting to close quarters they pegged away, Paddock with his left, and Poulson with his dangerous right, and each got it on the left ogle and mouth. In the end Poulson fell.

29. Paddock again tried his left but was too high. A second essay rached Harry's left cheek; the latter returned heavily on the same place, and then Poulson rushed in, but hit open handed on Tom's cheek, and fell on his face.

30. Poulson dashed in, caught Tom slightly on the left cheek and slipped down.

31. Both at once rushed to in-fighting, and, after some wild exchanges, fell together.

32. Paddock began business by leading off on the left side of Harry's head; Poulson countered him heavily on the cheek, and, on receiving a little one on the side of his head slipped and fell.

33. Paddock again led with his left high upon the forehead, whereupon some sharp in-fighting took place on the ribs and sides of the nut, and Paddock got down with the worst of the hitting. It was clear that at in-fighting Poulson's quickness and strength gave him an advantage, and Paddock was ordered to keep away.

34. Poulson let go both hands, but Paddock stepped back; Poulson followed him up and caught him on the gob with his dexter fin. He then rushed in and banged away left and right on Tom's cranium. He opened the cut over his left peeper, and also drew more claret from his mouth; Paddock returned on the left cheek, and got down laughing.

35. Paddock lunged out his left at the os frontis, but without effect. Both then hit out of distance, and Paddock afterwards got home his left slightly on Harry's right peeper; Poulson retaliated with two heavy props on the nose, and then a little one on the mouth, from which more of the ruby was perceptible, and Paddock dropped.

36. Paddock's mug, on coming up, was a curious mixture of the serious and the comic. The right side, which was untouched, bore a sort of half grin, which was swollen twice its size. He was bleeding from a cut on the nozzle and from his left ogle; while Poulson, beyond the left eye being nearly closed, was unscathed. Poulson lunged out heavily with his right at the ribs, and, on rushing in to repeat the dose, Paddock stepped back and caught him on the forehead. Paddock then led off, but was heavily countered on the nose for his pains. He was then nailed on the mazzard, and a close ensued, in which both were down.

37. Paddock let go his left at the mark, but the blow was not heavy. He then planted the same fist on the smeller, Poulson countering him sharply over the left optic, and again producing an ensanguined stream. Poulson delivered a second heavy pop from the same hand on the same spot, drawing more claret, and Paddock then returned heavily on the right ogle. The hitting in this round was terrific, and greatly in favor of Poulson, who, in the end, fell.

38. Paddock at once went to work. Got home on Poulson's right eye and cheek, Poulson's return going over his shoulder. Poulson then tried to get to close quarters, but got a heavy one on the forehead and fell.

39 Poulson rushed in, and delivered his left and right on the cheek and left peeper with effect. Paddock returned heavily on the nose and right cheek, and, as Poulson again tried to get to close quarters, fell.

40. Poulson was short in two attempts with his right. A third was more successful, and again fell heavily on Tom's left brow. A fourth reached his ribs, and Poulson, on getting a little one under his right eye, got down.

41. Paddock missed twice with his left. He then popped in his right on Harry's left cheek; Poulson countered him very straight on the mouth and both fell.

42. Poulson lunged out with his right, but Paddock got away, Paddock then came in, and got on Harry's right cheek. He afterwards got on to his right brow and chin, and fell, laughing with one corner of his mug.

43. Paddock delivered his left on the forehead, but too high for mischief. He then got heavily on Poulson's left eye, receiving an awkward counter-smack on the left cheek, and fell, Poulson also falling on his knees.

44. Poulson was now completely blind of his left ogle, while Paddock, although he had received the lion's share of the punishment, had not as yet, got a shutter up. Poulson rattled in, and a banging rally, without precession, took place, and Paddock got down.

45. Both lunged out wildly, and missed. Poulson, on getting closer, got a little one from Paddock's left over his right eye, and as he tried to rush in, fell.

46. Poulson dashed in, and delivered with his left on the nose, receiving a stinging return on the same organ. A rattling succession of exchanges followed, Paddock receiving on the mouth, and returning on the left cheek. In the end Paddock got down.

47. Paddock feinted, let go his left very heavily at the mark, and then the same hand over the left eye. Poulson returned on the mouth and left cheek, and both fell. it was still any body's fight: both were strong on their legs, and, although Poulson had but one eye, he was still the harder hitter, and his counters every now and then were planted with telling effect.

48. Poulson dashed in, but Paddock stepped away, caught him over the left eye, and Poulson slipped down.

49. Paddock planted his left slightly on Poulson's right peeper, whereupon Poulson dashed in, delivered both hands heavily on the mouth, and Tom fell through the ropes.

50. Paddock ran at his man, caught him round the neck with his left, and, on Poulson joining issue, they pegged away at each others nut, without flinching, until Poulson fell.

51. Paddock let fly his left, which reached the right side of Harry's physiognomy, and Poulson returned heavily on the left peeper, again opening the cut, and set the fountain to play. Good rattling exchanges, left and right, followed by a break away, and at it again, both doing their utmost, and grunting as they delivered their hits. Each seemed to consider that this was the turning point. It was an excellent fighting round, and at the close Poulson fell.

52. Paddock let go with his left twice in succession on Poulson's nose heavily, without a return. Good counter-hits followed, Poulson on the left cheek, and Paddock on the right side of the nut. Poulson again drew claret from Paddock's left brow, and then got down.

53. Paddock drew near, dodged his left, and then let it go with severity on Poulson's mark. This he followed by a heavy visitation, drawing the crimson from Harry's left ogle. Poulson, nothing daunted, came in, but received a second visitation on the left eye; and, after popping in a rib-bender with his right, got down.

54. Poulson attempted to make a turn, but was met, as he came in, heavily on the left cheek. Paddock followed up his advantage, popped in both hands on Poulson's right and left cheek, and then his left on the left brow, obtaining a fresh supply of gravy, and Poulson got down.

55. Poulson led off with his right, but was short, and Paddock immediately returned heavily on the ribs, and then on the nose. Some wild round-hand exchanges followed, in favor of Paddock, who caught Poulson heavily over the right eye, and then again in the bread pan. After this he made both hands on his adversary's cast iron nob, snd fell. Poulson appeared to be tired, as there was no quickness in his returns the last few rounds, and Paddock's friends were in extacies.

56. Paddock attempted to make his favorite hit on the mark, but was short twice in succession. A third essay got home, and was followed by one on the nose, and another on the right eye, and Poulson fell, evidently weak.

57. Paddock again led off, and planted his left over the right peeper without a return. Poulson then lunged out with his right, and missed. He tried again, and planted a heavy hit on the ribs. Paddock returned with effect on the left eye, and then on the nose heavily, and walked away. He went up again, and some sharp exchanges took place, at the end of which both fell weak.

58. Poulson's right ogle seemed about to follow suit with his left. He evidently felt that no time was to be lost, and at once dashed in with his right on Paddock's left cheek. Paddock returned with his left over the right eye, which led to heavy exchanges in favor of Paddock, who had the most precision. He caught Poulson twice in succession on the nose, and then on the right eye. Poulson returned on the left cheek, and eventually fell.

59. Paddock let go his left, but was short. He then delivered the same fin on the nose, but not heavily. Poulson now went in, made his right on the ribs, and Paddock caught him in return a heavy spank on the snout, drawing the ruby, and Poulson was again down.

60. Poulson came up with the carmine distilling from his proboscis. He at once rushed in, and caught Paddock round the neck. Paddock clinched and they stood thus and banged away in the middle of the ring, both napping it severely on the left cheek and eye, until they fell, both evidently tired and weak. There was not much to choose between them, and no odds could be obtained on either side.

61. Paddock planted his left heavily on the mark, and then on the proboscis, re-opening the bottle. He tried again, but was short, and Poulson, in attempting to return, slipped and fell.

62. Paddock's left again found itself in contact with Poulson's bread pan, and afterwards paid a flying visit to his canister. Poulson retaliated on the left cheek, and more heavy exchanges took place, Paddock getting well home on the left eye, and obtaining more juice, and Poulson reaching his opponent's left listener with good effect. In the end, however, Poulson fell, weak. Paddock not much better.

63. Paddock let go his left on the left cheek, and was short in a second attempt. He then popped in a little one on the nose, and stepped away. Poulson rushed after him, but got another spank off the snorter, and fell.

64. Paddock commenced business with his left on the nose, and got away without a return. This he repeated, and then reached Harry's left peeper, Poulson being too tired to make a return. Still he stood undaunted to be planted upon. Paddock again gave him a remunder on the nose, and Poulson then collected himself for a desperate effort, rushed in, caught Paddock heavily on the left cheek, and Paddock fell.

65. Paddock feinted with his left, and then popped it over Harry's guard on to his right ogle. He then delivered the same hand twice on the left cheek, and then knocked Poulson down by a heavy hit under the right eye. [*First knock down* for Paddock.] It was thought by most people that this must finish the battle, it being concluded that Poulson's right eye must now be entirely closed. To the surprise of all, however—although after the lapse of considerable time—he again came up, the eye appearing little worse than before.

66. Paddock was well stopped in two attempts with his left. He tried again, and got home heavily on the mark. Poulson missed his return, and Paddock went at him again, caught him on the smeller and left eye. Poulson returned slightly on the left cheek, and, after one or two slight exchanges, Poulson fell.

67. Paddock dashed out his left, but was too high. He tried again, and reached Harry's nose. Harry would not retreat, but continually made efforts to retaliate. Now and then he got on to Paddock's left cheek and eye, but the blows had none of the force perceptible at the commencement. At length he received a heavy hit on the right cheek, and Paddock, in retreating, fell.

68. Paddock let go his left, but without effect, and Poulson countered him on the chin. Paddock then shook himself together, and, delivering a straight nose-ender, again knocked down his gallant opponent.

69. Paddock again led off on the nose, and Poulson returned with his right on the ribs. This led to good counter-hits, Paddock on the left peeper, and Poulson heavily on the nutcracker.—Poulson, in retreating, again sought mother earth.

70. Paddock sent home his left on the mouth, and then on the left peeper. Poulson got in a little one on the cheek, re-opening the beer barrel, and Paddock fell.

71. Poulson came up apparently stronger and more confident. He dashed in left and right, caught Paddock heavily on the left cheek and nose, drawing more of the ruby, but in the end Paddock again floored him by a spank in the left eye.

72. Paddock let go both hands on the left side of Harry's occiput, and Poulson fell. Paddock, as he was carried to his corner, tried a grin, but the attempt was a miserable failure, owing to the uncouth shape of his mug.

73. Poulson again attempted a lead, but was short; Paddock then let go both hands with much quickness, catching the poor fellow on the left side of his head, and Poulson fell quite groggy. Cries of "Take him away" were now heard from all quarters, but the gallant fellow would not hear to it; he declared he should win yet.

74. Poulson came up very weak, and tried to lead off, but missed, and Paddock returned, but not heavily, on the right cheek. Poulson closed, and Paddock got down with another farcical attempt at a smile on his mug.

75. Paddock delivered his left twice in succession, but not heavily, on Poulson's left cheek and nose, and the latter fell.

76 to 88. In all these rounds Poulson came up with unwavering courage and determination. Now and then he got in a little one on Paddock's left cheek, which, together with his eye and mouth, were tremendously swollen, while the right side of his head was untouched. Strange to say, Poulson's right eye was still partially open, which spoke wonders for his condition. The remainder of his face was all shapes, and he was the weaker man on his legs. Repeated cries of "Take him away" were heard, and the referee represented that his friends ought to give in for him, but this they were unwilling to do, so long as he appeared anxious to protract the fight.

89. Poulson, to the astonishment of all, rushed at his man with determination and vigor, and pegged away left and right until Paddock fell in a ludicrous state of surprise and bewilderment at so unexpected an onslaught.

90. It was now evident that the sudden change in Poulson's tactics was but the expiring effort; he came up this round as weak as ever, and after receiving a little one on the left eye, fell.

91 to 102, and last. It was clear that there was no chance for Poulson now, unless an accident should win him the battle, and of this there was no likelihood. Paddock, by the advice of his seconds, kept away, and contented himself with a pop now and again on the damaged snout and left ogle of Poulson; once or twice he reached the right eye, which, however, marvelous to relate, remained open until the finish. Both were very weak, and several times fell from exhaustion at the conclusion of the rounds. Paddock, however, was far the stronger man, and, having one eye unscathed, of course had an immense advantage. Vain were the efforts to induce Poulson to give in; he came up round after round merely to be receiver general, until at last, in the 102d round, Jerry Noon, with praiseworthy humanity, threw up the sponge in token of defeat—declaring that whatever other people might think he was not going to stand by and see the man punished for no good purpose, and Paddock was pronounced the winner after fighting for *two hours and thirty-two minutes*. On reaching our carriage we were surprised to hear that Caunt cavilled at the termination of the fight, and still more were we surprised when that worthy came to the referee and asked him whether he considered Paddock the winner. That official having answered in the affirmative, and stated that there could be no doubt about it, as Jerry Noon had thrown up the sponge, Caunt denied that this was the case, and declared that the sponge had been thrown up by Jack Callaghan, who had no authority to do so—that Poulson was very well, and could have fought for another hour, and must eventually have won, as he was the stronger man, and that he was determined he should have justice done him. Many patrons of the Ring expressed their surprise at this statement on the part of the ex-champion, as they had seen Jerry Noon throw up the sponge, and not a few stated, pretty broadly, their disapproval of Caunt's inhumanity in permitting the man to come up as long as he did, after he had lost all chance. Caunt, however, still denied that Poulson's chance was out, and also that Noon had thrown up the sponge. He said he knew Noon would not tell a lie for any man, and he left the carriage to fetch him to the referee. While he was gone to look for Jerry, however, that renowned individual made his appearance, and on the question being put to him, at once said he would not tell a lie for Caunt or any man. He had thrown up the sponge in token of defeat; his friend Harry had not a chance to win, and he did not choose that he should be exposed to further punishment. This plain statement on the part of Jerry at once put an end to Caunt's objection, and although the latter used rather unparliamentary language as to Jerry's conduct, it must be satisfactory to Noon to know that his humanity met with the approval of all right-thinking men who were present, not excepting even the majority of Harry Poulson's backers. All things being now settled satisfactorily, the whistle was sounded as a signal for the *voyageurs* to rejoin the special, and by four o'clock, all being in readiness, a start was effected, and the company were wafted back to the metropolis by half-past seven, after enjoying one of the greatest treats experienced by the Fancy in recent times. On the way up a considerable collection was made for the losing man, which will no doubt be largely increased when the battle money is given up.

REMARKS.

Owing to the pressure upon our columns, the remarks upon this encounter must be necessarily brief; but, indeed, if we had ever so much space, we should not feel ourselves justified in making many observations upon a mill which tells its own tale. Poulson, for an old man, is a quick and punishing hitter, but he depends too much upon his right, and thus throws open his frontispiece to the attacks of a clever tactician. With any man not more skillful than himself, he will, doubtless, still prove an awkward customer, even supposing that man to be younger and fresher, for great strength and strong resolution, combined with the gift of hard hitting and a capability of standing heavy punishment, will always do wonders against an ordinary customer; but these attributes, when opposed to superior skill and equal game, will be of no great use. For his undaunted courage in coming up round after round merely to be receiver-general, long after all chance of victory had vanished, he is entitled to great praise, since it proved that he was determined, come what would, to leave no stone unturned, to justify the confidence of his backers. The gallant fellow, we know, would have protracted the fight still further had it not been for Jerry Noon, but we must say, had this been permitted, it would have been sheer inhumanity on the part of his friends. They must be fully satisfied that he did all that could be done under the circumstances, and although some of them have blamed Jerry Noon for the part he took, we cannot but think that on reflection they will feel convinced that he acted from the wisest motives, and that, so far from being blameable, he is entitled to very great credit for his humane judgment. Paddock surprised even his own friends by the cool and collected manner in which he contested this battle. In all former contests he displayed an impetuosity and want of temper which more than once led him into difficulty, and also tended greatly to detract from the precision of his deliveries; but on Tuesday last, he was as calm and even tempered as any of the spectators, and so long as the shape of his mug would permit it there was a smile, or a portion of a smile, to be perceived on his mazzard. For the first half hour he did not steady himself as he ought—perhaps from over-anxiety, but fought his man in his old style with both hands. At this game Poulson was quite at home, and, being the harder hitter, of course Master Tom came off second best; but, after this, remembering the instructions he had received from Jem Ward during his training, and, obedient to the advice of Jack Macdonald, he kept away from his opponent and fought him almost entirely with his left hand. The consequences of this change of tactics were quickly perceptible. His superior length gave him great advantage, and, although Poulson occasionally countered him with great severity, still his superiority became more perceptible in almost every round. The shape of Poulson's phiz was gradually but surely altered. His rushes did but augment the evil, and, finally, he was compelled to succumb. Had not Paddock strictly adhered to the system laid down for him, we are inclined to believe that he could not have won, and, indeed, had he not, to his improved style, added the most perfect condition, his chance would have been very meagre. The issue must have proved to him the value of a calm temper, and we expect when next we see him in the roped arena to perceive a still greater change for the better. The money is to be given to him on Thursday next at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, when we hope that the admirers of true British courage will muster in strong force, and show, by their liberal contributions, that they duly appreciate the efforts of the gallant Poulson, and that such undaunted bravery is never lost upon the admirers of the pugilistic art.

Jemmy Shaw has called on us to state that £52 10s out of the stakes down, on behalf of Paddock, with the exception of £5, which Jemmy put down himself, was money handed to him by friends, to put down for Paddock. This money, Jemmy informs us, has been demanded from him by the gentlemen in question, and he has requested us to stop it out of the stakes Paddock's principal backer having informed us, however, that he put down nearly the whole of the money, we think there must be an error somewhere, and we suggest that Shaw and Paddock's backer do attend at our office on Thursday next, between twelve and one, to come to a settlement.—*Bell's Life in London, Feb.* 19.

SPORTS IN ALBANY.

Sparring Exhibition and Glove Fight.

ALBANY, March 11th, '54.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Clipper:

DEAR SIR—The sleepy headed sporting gentry of this city have made an attempt to stir around a few since the Sparring Exhibition given by Mr. Sullivan, at Van Veehten Hall, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21st; on which occasion the principal attractions of the evening were those between Codey and Barrey, two young sporting gents of this city, which was a lively contest that brought down thunders of applause. The next set-to was between Mr. Watson of this city, and Mr. White, of your village, which caused much excitement. The next, between Mick Brennen, of this great metropolis, and Andy McShane, of your town; in which set-to Andy caused a great deal of mirth by his one, two, three's, which he put in so often on Brennen's proboscis. The next contest, which was the most interesting set-to of the evening, was between James Sullivan and Jem Parker, in which there was some beautiful sparring. The whole wound up with a set-to between Messrs. Sullivan and McShane, in which contest Sullivan amused the hundreds that were present with several of (what he calls) r b roasters.

On Friday evening, March 3d, a Sparring Exhibition took place at Couche's Ball Room, in the upper part of Washington street, for the benefit of Barry and Cody, and also for the purpose of settling a dispute which was the best man; which dispute arose from the set-to these gents had at Sullivan's Exhibition. It is said that there was the nice little sum of $25 aside to make this match interesting. This match, which was the last, but which I will give an account of first, was on the prize fighting order altogether. The first preliminaries was to select umpires, referee, &c.; after which came the men, followed by the seconds and bottle-holders. The men then took their respective corners, with their seconds. On time being called, both men came up to the scratch, Cody looking down hearted, Barry looking lively, with one hand up as a guard, and the other down by his side, with which he hit C. a hit on the smeller, then left for the other corner of the room; which caper he repeated for seven successive rounds, until C.'s second told him to rush after him and hit him on the little horn, which C. did with such good zeal that he straightened B. out on the floor twice. On time being called again, both men came up blowing and puffing like bulls, when B. hit C. an upper cut with the drenching wet glove, which tore the skin off C.'s cheek bone, which ended the contest at Cody's request.

During the evening several contests came off between several distinguished members of the mistic circle of this city. Among which was a lively set to between Watson and Robison, another between Watson and Scoot, a fancy match between Jack McGinnis (known as Albany Jack, the News Boy, in your city) and Heeney, the fighter, in which contest H. didn't have the satisfaction of one little smack, but the extreme mortification of being beaten all round the room by Cheap Johnny from the West, as Jack is termed here.

JOHN THE FAIRY.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MARCH 18, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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PEDESTRIANISM.

Great Times on Union (L. I.) Course.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

MILE RACE BETWEEN BARLOW AND HORTON

QUARTER-MILE RACE BETWEEN WILLIAMS AND DORCY.

TWO-MILE MATCH BETWEEN MICKEY FREE AND JOHN GRINDELL.

THE KNOWING ONES ALL ASTRAY.

Monday last, 13th inst., the day appointed to decide the one-mile race, for $500 a side, between Wm. Freestone, alias Barlow, of Williamsburgh, and Hiram Horton, of New-York, was in all respects a most pleasant and beautiful day, and well calculated to draw out an immense concourse of spectators to view the sport, the sun shining with brilliancy and warmth, and a gentle breeze from the South-west making everything appear gay and joyful.

The match in question was made on Saturday, 11th of February last, at the house of Mr. Carland, in the Bowery, and from the well-known running capabilities of both men it was very naturally supposed that the contest would be deeply exciting; and a large amount of money was sported upon the event, the odds, and heavy odds, too, being offered on Horton, though from what honest reason we are not aware. Horton has won a number of matches, though, we believe, the distance run has been from 100 yards upwards, his *forte* being 100 yards, which distance we think it would be a difficult matter for any man to beat him. Freestone, or Barlow, as he is more generally termed, is also the winner of numerous races, and as a mile-runner has not his equal, perhaps, in this country, and we have no doubt could find backers for any amount, to run that distance. Both men, on the terms of the match being agreed to, immediately went into training, Horton at McComb's Dam, and Barlow near the Centreville Course, Long Island, where they succeeded, by their exercises, in bringing themselves to a lithe and healthy condition.

At an early hour on Monday last, admirers of the sport were to be seen wending their way to the Union Race Course, some in stages, some in railroad cars, and others in private establishments; the latter being very numerous, with the fast trotters moving along the plank road at the rate of 2.40, and a *leetle* over. The scene along the road was lively in the extreme, with horses, stages, carriages, buggies, and *carts*; one of the latter, having taken in too many passengers, got swamped about half-way to the Course, depriving its inmates of the pleasure of seeing the fun. As our vehicle would only hold *two*, and as there were already *three* in it, we were reluctantly compelled to leave our friends belonging to the wrecked cart, behind. "Hi! hi! clear the track for Eclipse!" sung out a fast *young* man of *sixty*, whose nag was getting over the ground at the rate of ten knots an hour. Oh! there were jolly times in going to the races!

On reaching the Course, we were surprised to find such a large multitude congregated within the enclosure. The large stand was literally packed with human beings, and the ground in the vicinity of the stand was also well covered. Altogether we should say there were between two and three thousand persons present, of all classes and descriptions, of all sizes, and of all complexions.

The balance of the stakes having been placed in the hands of the stakeholder on the ground, arrangements were at once made for the final preliminaries. On behalf of Barlow, Mr. J. H. M——, of Williamsburgh, was selected as Judge; while Mr. Wm. Poole officiated for Horton; Mr. Hiram Woodruff acting as Referee. Shortly afterwards, about 3½ o'clock, the men were brought on the track, dressed for the race, and immediately became objects of attraction to all present. Horton presented a firm, noble appearance, and looked in tip-top condition; while his adversary, Barlow, by his clear and trim build, and ruddy complexion, showed that he had received the best care and attention.

THE RACE.

Everything being in readinesss, the men were brought up to the starting point, Horton having the choice of the track; and on the word "go" being given, a very pretty, even start was effected. Horton soon gained a little on his adversary, but was not able to hold it, as Barlow put on the steam, and gradually edged up to Horton, who exerted himself to the utmost, and the men were nearly side and side. After passing the first quarter, Barlow soon began to show slightly in advance, and thus continued until nearly up to the half-mile pole, though scarce the distance of two feet separated them. At this point, from the Judge's stand, it was impossible to observe every movement of the men, and in a moment we were surprised at beholding Horton coming across the lot to the stand, while Barlow was continuing the race on his own hook. Those who had money invested on the race, began to shake

"And some began to shiver,"

and numbers hurried across the lot to meet Horton, and ascertain from his own lips the true facts of the case, and why he had relinquished the contest; while others ran along the track to meet Barlow and congratulate him on his success, without stopping to inquire the why and the wherefore. At this period there was intense excitement, the knowing ones having laid heavy odds on Horton's winning the race: in one instance $100 to $40 being thus wagered. As Horton neared the Judge's stand, the crowd gathered round to hear what he had to say in reference to the race, and as soon as he was within speaking distance, and the Judges and Referee and others in quiet attention, he cried out—"Gentlemen, I claim this race—I was knocked down by that man—I claim the race because he tripped me up." Horton then retired to a room to change his attire. Barlow, in the meantime, was getting over the ground almost the same as though nothing had happened, and on nearing the Judge's stand, he increased his speed, and came in a good pace, amid the plaudits of the multitude, making the mile in 5 min. 2½ seconds. There being some dispute as to the fairness of the race, the Judges and Referee agreed to rest the matter on the evidence of two gentlemen who had followed the pedestrians round the course, in a light waggon. One of these gentlemen stated that "he kept close to the men, and that when they had reached the half-mile pole he saw the tall man, Horton, reach forward and three times strike the smaller man, Barlow—he further stated that he knew neither man, and had but a glass of liquor bet on the race, and that was on the losing man, the tall man; in conclusion, he said he was willing to take his affidavit to all he had stated." The other gentleman corroborated this statement, and Mr. Poole, the Judge chosen by Horton, having come to the conclusion that his man had lost the race, the Referee, Mr. Hiram Woodruff, announced to the spectators that Mr. Freestone, (Barlow) had won the race, and would receive the stakes.

REMARKS.

That there was much grumbling at the race, it is unnecessary for us to say, for the knowing ones were "know nothings" on this occasion, and were losers to a considerable extent. The spectators in attendance were greatly disappointed at the termination of the contest, and some openly avowed that the whole was a sham, and that the race was a double-cross. For ourselves, we do not at present feel justified in coming to a hasty conclusion; but the following letters from correspondents we give, in order that all sides may have a hearing.

NEW YORK, March 14, '54.

MR. EDITOR: I attended the races yesterday, and have no hesitation in saying that the match between Barlow and Horton was a regular *sell*, or in other words, that it was a *double-cross*, in which the biters were bitten. You would do well to expose this matter, that others in future may look to their own interests. BOWERY.

BROOKLYN, March 14, '54.

To the Editor of the Clipper

SIR: I have heard from good authority that Barlow had $400 presented to him on the morning of his race with Horton, to let the latter win the race. That such is the fact, I have no doubt. Barlow, however, wishing to save his backers, determined to win the race, which he did. If this is the way pedestrians manage things to gull the public, it is the duty of the CLIPPER to speak out. ONE WHO KNOWS.

NEW YORK, March 14, '54.

MR. QUEEN: I consider the match between Horton and Barlow a swindle. I understand that the very men who backed Horton, have made money on the race. How is this? Could it be done by fair means? I think not, and Mr. Horton and his backers owe it to the public to clear themselves of this imputation resting against them. One gentleman told me yesterday, that Horton was to knock Barlow down, and thus come in winner. That Horton did attempt it, every person who saw the race knows. This is a bad beginning, and the guilty ones should be at once exposed. Yours, A SPORTING MAN.

The Match between Dorcey and Williams.

QUARTER MILE RACE.

The quarter of a mile race between Williams and Dorcey, for $100 aside took place immediately after the race between Barlow and Horton. The men, on stripping, looked well, though it was apparent that Williams had received the best attention Dorcey not having devoted much time to training. Dorcey having taken his stand six yards in advance of his opponent, the word was given, and off they started, Dorcey exerting himself to the utmost to keep open the gap between himself and Williams, but it was of no avail, for the latter kept steadily shortening the distance, and before they had gone half way, he had come up to his antagonist—here Dorcey put on the steam, and endeavored to push ahead again—Williams was with him, however, and showed slightly in advance, and finally came in ahead by nearly one yard. This was a nicely contested race, and afforded satisfaction to all who witnessed it, except the losing party. We are unable to state the time made, as the start was given before the time was noticed.

Mickey Free and John Grindell.

TWO MILE RACE.

A match was made after the above races between Mickey and a young man named John Grindell to run two miles for a purse of $20. Odds were offered on Mickey, but there were but few or no takers, as Grindell was a stranger to almost all present, and consequently they were backward in coming forward to his support. However, he had sufficient confidence in himself, and by his advice a few bets were made on his winning. On the word being given, they got off well together, Grindell having choice of the track, but they had not gone far before Mickey had the inside, and Grindell was edging his way into the middle of the track, thus losing considerably. He, however, hung well upon his opponent, and on reaching the first quarter, he was along side of Mickey—on nearing the half-mile, the two came in contact, and both were seen the next moment scrambling on the ground; Grindell, however, succeeded first in regaining his feet, and started off again—Mickey, on rising and seeing the young 'un a considerable distance ahead, concluded to take a short cut, and crossed the lot to the Judge's stand, on reaching which he stated that he had been thrown down. The young 'un kept on, and performed the two miles, the time not stated, and was awarded the purse. Considerable disappointment was felt at Mickey giving out, as from his experience in pedestrian affairs it was expected he would be able to run his youthful opponent down.

The Hurdle Leaping Match.

This sweepstakes match between Barlow, Mickey Free, Williams and Dorcey, to run one mile, and to leap over 26 hurdles, placed at equal distances apart, promises some rare amusement to the lovers of sporting matters. As hurdle leaping is a new feature in racing in these quarters, we have no doubt there will be a large attendance to witness the race. The competitors in the match took part in the sports on Union Course, on Monday last.

Postponement of the Hurdle Leaping Match.

The hurdle match which was to have taken place on Monday next, at McCombs' Dam, is postponed on account of a difficulty in procuring the ground. The Race will take place on the Union Race Course, L. I., probably on Monday, the 27th inst. Full particulars in our next.

The day on which the hurdle match comes off will be a day of great sport, as we understand several matches will be settled at the same time. Look out for next week's Clipper.

Another Runner.

John Wellington, of Yonkers, writes us that he will run any man in the city or State of New York, from one mile to ten, for $100 to $500. If John Wellington will leave a deposit with us, we will find him a man to make a match with him.

Match of 100 Yards.

A match has been made between Messrs. Jones and Chapman, to run a race of 100 yards, for $25 aside, at Rock Cottage, 109th street, on Monday next.

Spin of 100 yards.

Two men named Jones and Chapman have put down $25 aside, and will run a race of 100 yards, on Monday next, at Rock Cottage, 109th street.

Challenge to Williams.

The undersigned is ready to make a match with JACK WILLIAMS, of Brooklyn, to run a half mile, for the sum of $100 aside upwards; the race to take place in six weeks after making the match.

JAMES DORCY.

March 14, '54.

To Hiram Horton.

I, John Grindell will make a match to run Hiram Horton two miles, six weeks from the present time, for $500 or $1000. A deposit left with the editor of the Clipper will meet with immediate attention.

March 14, 1854.

Challenge to Mickey Free.

The undersigned will make a match to run Mickey Free two miles, in six weeks from this date, for $100 to $1000 aside. A deposit left with the Editor of the Clipper will be attended to.

JOHN GRINDELL.

March 14, '54

Going to the Races.

The beautiful weather of Monday last prompted thousands of our citizens and strangers to repair to the Foot Races on Long Island.

Crowded.

Owing to the great length of the report of the fight between Paddock and Poulson, in this week's Clipper, we are reluctantly compelled to omit much matter prepared for this number. We hope, however, we shall not be so crowded next week, when the favors of our correspondents will receive proper attention.

Sporting Hall.

Our remarks in last week's Clipper in reference to a Sporting Hall seem to have met with general favor, and once the affair started, it would soon meet with plenty of supporters. Who will make a move in the matter?

SPARRING.

Young McGrath's Benefit.

The benefit Sparring Exhibition of young McGrath, a very good delineator of the "fisticuff art," is set down for Tuesday evening next, 20th inst., at Grand Street Hall. The bill offered to the notice of the public contains a large array of names, some of them of great repute in sparring matters. Young McGrath should be liberally supported, for he is always on hand, and willing to lend a hand at the benefits of others. Young Mike Trainer and young McGrath are to wind up, and we promise a rare treat to those who attend McGrath's Exhibition. Only a quarter admittance.

Young Kelly's Exhibition.

This lively affair came off on Thursday evening last at People's Hall, Brooklyn, and was numerously attended, in fact the audience was too large, although those in attendance had a fair view of each set-to, from the fact of Mr. Kelly having had a large and commodious stage erected. Among the sets-to of the evening were those between Molineaux and young Briant, Barry and young Leonard, Fletcher and young Scotty, young Vanderzee and the young Buckskin, &c. The wind-up was between young Kelly and Patrick Brannigan, alias Scotty—this last set-to was decidedly beautiful, and elicited tremendous applause at its conclusion.

THE RING.

Fights to take place.

Jem Parker and Harry Gribben, April 26.

Jem Trainor and Jemmy Boyle, May 17.

A Challenge.

NEW YORK, March 10, '54.

To the Editor of the New York Clipper:

I, Patrick Lavy, (having been assaulted in the street by Jem Walker and three or four others, and beaten in a cowardly manner,) beg to inform said Jem Walker that I am willing to fight him a fair stand-up fight for from $100 to $200 aside. If he thinks proper to accept this challenge, he can find me at Mr. Izzy Lazarus', No. 4 James street, on Friday evening next, any time after 7 o'clock. PATRICK LAVY.

Trainor and Boyle.

A meeting to arrange matters for this match is to take place in a few days, and the final arrangements will be made known in our next.

Another Deposit,

Of $100 aside for the match between Parker and Gribbin, was made last evening.

Fight in Camden, New Jersey.

[A correspondent sends us the following account of a fight which took place in New Jersey:]

PHILADELPHIA, March 14, '54.

DEAR EDITOR: With your permission I will detail the particulars of a most desperate *mill* which took place at the West Jersey Ferry, Camden, N. J., some few days since, between two young men, the one a gaunt, light-haired specimen of a Jersyman, and the other, one of the Philadelphia boating gents.

As I didn't reach the ground until it had commenced, I am unable to give you the immediate cause of quarrel.

THE FIGHT.

First round. Whitehead having peeled, threw up his tile defiantly. Tobe Jonsey, alias Bricktop, followed suit, and although not so long in the fork, showed muscle. On shaking *daddles* much manœuvring was displayed for the first snorter, otherwise, a lick over the beak. Whitehead showed play first, which Bricktop stopped, and returned with a smash on the potato trap, otherwise the mug; in a close, both down, Bricktop underneath.

2. Whitehead's kissing trap began to pant from the tap in the last round. Bricktop being cool and steady waited for the Jerseyman, and as he came in with a rush, floored him with a right daddle in the larboard peeper. Terrific cheers for Jonsey, 2 to 1 on Bricktop, and no takers.

3. Bricktop gained pluck, and after playing a little with Whitey's nob, fibbed him, and by a dexterous move let him drop, of course very gently, for fear of hurting him. Reiterated cheers for Jonsey.

4. Whitehead came up to the scratch with evident reluctance, showed play with his left but was stopped by Bricktop, who floored him with a left daddle on the temple.

5 and 6. Little or no interest, except Whitehead's nob began to look puffy.

7. Bricktop slighily elated and careless, when Whitehead, with great coolness, tapped his starboard peeper; in a close, both down, Bricktop underneath. Two to one on Whitehead, plenty of takers. Seeing a good crowd I ventured my pile with the agent of the Ferries, a would-be fast man.

8. Whitehead a little too hasty in his delivery, got a severe counter in the nob. Wild exchanges, when Bricktop floored him with a belter in the bellows.

9. Bricktop played round his man for a few seconds, and then delivered a knock down argument in the smeller.

10 and 11. In these rounds Bricktop did as he liked with Whitehead, whose mug was completely invisible for claret, and who went down with a light body blow.

12th and last round. Time being called, Whitehead couldn't be prevailed upon to attend the scratch, and Bricktop, with thunders of applause, was proclaimed the victor.

The combat lasted exactly twelve minutes by my trump chronometer.

The gallant agent forked over the rhino, evidently chagrined at the defeat of his prize shanghi, after which I left for town. Yours, truly,

TIMOTHY PIDULATION.

Philadelphia Illumination.

The grand illumination in Philadelphia on Saturday evening last, in honor of the Consolidation of the city and county, was rather a *light* affair.

WRESTLING.

Where's Cæsar Coit.

We are authorized to make the following offer to Cæsar Coit, the wrestler, of Brooklyn:

A gentleman will make a match with Coit to wrestle, two out of three falls, catch as catch can, holds to be confined to the jacket, said jacket to reach below the body. All action of the feet below the knees, to be considered fair. Neither man to leave the ground until one or the other acknowledges defeat. Said match to take place not inside of 15 days, nor over 30 days. In order to leave no excuse for Coit to back out, the person referred to will stake $1000 to Coit's $600, and will meet him at the Clipper Office on Thursday afternoon, between 3 and 4 o'clock, and will be ready to put down $100 to make the match.

As Coit has hitherto been successful in his matches, and has proved himself to be a powerful and skillful wrestler, we do not see how he can refuse to accept the invitation so cordially tendered him.

A Card.

NEW-YORK, 6th March, 1854.

Editor New-York Clipper:

SIR:—Having just returned from the South, I felt anxious to peep through the columns of the CLIPPER, to scan the doings during my absence. The result of research brought sundry notices, challenges, &c., to my view. Vindication on my part I deem unnecessary, further than to say that the contemplated match between Mickey Free and myself was interrupted by the severe weather then prevailing, (January 1st to 15th,) and having other engagements more lucrative and pleasing *to me* than making myself a theme for all tongues and dens, I concluded to postpone "Sporting matters" to a more convenient time. I presume it here in place to say I am not a public man, nor am I a professional "Walker" or "Foot-racer." I received the name of "North Star, of Canada," in 1845, from the fact of having *proved* myself a *Star Walker*, and hailing from Canada. Mr. T. Porter, Esq., Editor of the Spirit of the Times was the author and so ycleped me. Subsequently, I have done little in walking, and, in fact, had heard of less till the promulgation of your "CLIPPER," since which I have again been brought forward. In reply to a number of challenges in the CLIPPER, emanating (evidently to me) from men in the moon or in the "horn," I will merely say, 1st: Mickey Free's challenge to walk 100 or 1,000 hours, I decline---being only a walker, the remainder of his challenge does not allude to me. As regards the Stag's, Ross's, and Hughes, also, Mickey, I am prepared to make a match with them to walk---fair heel and toe, 3, 5, 7 or 10 miles, for, from $250 to $500 aside; preliminaries at the making of the match; the first deposit not less than $50; or I will make one for a sweepstake walking match. Any reply accompanied by a forfeit deposit, appointing time and place of meeting, (left with you,) will be promptly responded to by Yours, truly,

NORTH STAR, of Canada.

P. S. I may be heard from by applying at L. Parson's Saloon, 8 Ann street.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

BUSH-INN NAIL FACTORY,
Troy, March 11, 1854.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER: SIR—The appendage to Mr. Morgan James' letter of the 4th inst., associates the name of Mr. Nelson Lewis, of Troy, with a quality of a very significant and doubtful kind, which the lovers of sharp shooting, and sportsmen of all grades, should not *sport* with—a high sense of honor. Genuine integrity ought to be their rule and practice, and good faith their monitor.

After the articles of agreement for the shooting match between Mr. Nelson Lewis and Mr. Adam McChesney, to come off at the Bush-inn Nail Factory, Troy, on the 20th inst., were drawn up, to the satisfaction of all parties, with their respective names attached, he (Mr. Lewis) manifested a decided reluctance to shoot the match, as it would be placing him in an unfavorable position with his friends, to shoot any match until after the great contest between him and Mr. James is decided. Therefore, all parties connected, amicably agreed to strike off, and have struck the name of Nelson Lewis from the articles of agreement; and instead, placed by mutual consent thereon, the name of Mr. Luther Harwood, who will shoot against Mr. Adam McChesney, agreeably to the original articles. The approved merits of both of these gentlemen prompts their ambition to secure a favorable opportunity to test their respective skill as sportsmen against the renown of Mr. Lewis. Let your readers know that this is a final and fixed agreement, and no further concessions will be taken or allowed. The shooting will be twenty (20) shots each to the string—all the shooting to be done between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 5 o'clock P. M., on Monday, 20th inst., at the Bush-Inn Nail Factory, Troy, without fail. VERUS.

Aquatics.

DELICATE HINTS ON "TIDE WORK."

OUR CORNER, Philada., 2d March, '54.

MR. EDITOR—A deal of controversy is rife relative to the proper mode (in vulgar parlance) of "working tide." In rivers, the strongest currents may be easily detected by philosophical reasoning. For instance: A point contiguous to a deep cove will invariably puff off the water in an angular form, and set it over to the opposite shore, though the channel may be close in the bend of the stream. This frequently happens, and shows the *strongest* tide is not always in the *deepest* water.

We have known a small sand bar to *cant* the current materially, and thus turn its strength to shoal soundings. In fact, the "up" over a flat oft indicates a body set, entirely isolated from the main channel. Wherever a long bar or shoal is found in mid river running parallel with it, a fierce current is invariably manifest on one side of it, and slack water on the other; that is, when the water is low; *vice versa*, on a change of tide. An island of any magnitude will always pass the current favorably to one side or the other; which depends, however, more on the *shape* of the island than the *depth* of the channel. But few of our best sailing masters are aware of this *fact*. Once running over and "sounding" the ground should suffice a "good man," and sufficiently "post him up" to enable him to sail a race, without the *assistance of a pilot*. This may *sound* odd to the illustrious "Jerseyman," but 'tis true as preaching. The most promising amateur yachtman here-away is the "Young One," who assures us he has learned more from observing the eccentric motion of currents elsewhere, than by practical *work* on our own river. The notion of tossing chips upon the flood to ascertain the bent of the current, is an exploded humbug. For the benefit of "young beginners," we will now (by your leave) give a dash or two in regard to the best method of working the tide on the Delaware river, say from Philadelphia to Reedy Island, as elicited by our own experience.

On starting (supposing the wind to be "an end" and ebb tide) you hold the Pennsylvania shore close aboard to the Powder Wharf Point, then stand over for Gloucester—next cover the Horseshoe. This is the only place perhaps on our entire river where any very *great* advantage may be gained in tide. We have repeatedly witnessed from a half to a mile open between two race boats, at this point, by skilful advantage being taken of the strong current by one of the crafts. See account of the Bianca and Broom race, published in the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, for example.

From the "Shoe" your course lays due S. West, making 200 yard stretches, until up with Eagle Point; thence along Red Bank Bar, running it down to the Light House. Here you hank in for the Pennsylvania shore again, until you can fetch the Spar Buoy, passing between it and the "Pot." You give the middle ground on the head of "Maidens" a wide berth, and stand in under Billingsport; keep the Jersey sands close aboard until off Lodge's Cove, then over for Tinicum. In fact, 'mid channel is about as good tide as can be found until you make the buoy on the lower spit; thence stand over for the Pennsylvania shore again, and down by Chester.

We have been repeatedly solicited by our yachting brethren to give a "bird's eye" on *tide* to the public, and have at last succombed to their importunities. The present topic is by no means limited, or devoid of interest; but, on the contrary, is of the most vital importance to the aquatic sportsman, and we have found the subject sufficiently prolific to occupy forty pages, pamphlet form, which is at present in preparation for publication. We are sufficiently modest to imagine ourselves "posted up" on this point—so much so, in fact, as to challenge the Jerseyman, or othsrs, to refute our logic.

By your permission, Mr. Editor, we will continue our "jottings down" on the *current* subject, next week. In the meantime, however, be pleased to remember us as

Yours, truly, FLINTS.

Spring.

The beautiful weather of the past week was the means of inducing thousands of the fair sex to emerge from their domestic retirement, to enjoy the luxury of a spring day's promenade. The natural effect of this was to crowd the Great Carpet Establishment of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, with the beauty and fashion of New York; for few housekeepers, or those about to enter into the blissful state of matrimony, pass the great carpet dealer's store without stopping in, and viewing the gorgeous patterns of three-ply, Mosaic, Brussels, Velvet and other Carpetings, to be found there in such abundance; and to view, is but the preliminary step towards making a purchase. Few stores in this mighty metropolis are visited by such numbers of persons as flock to 99 Bowery, and now that May Day is coming, and moving is the order of the day, the ten large sales-rooms will hardly suffice to accommodate the purchasers who will, from this time hence, assemble within the walls of No. 99 Bowery.

Now is the Time

To order one of those exquisite spring style Hats just introduced by those fashionable Hatters, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl. In purchasing at these stores, it must not be forgotten that the daguerreotype likeness of the purchaser is inserted in the hat without additional expense. Those who have once dealt with the above gentlemen, continue their patronage, for few hats afford us such satisfaction as those purchased at the above stores. This fact goes far to prove that Messrs. Rafferty & Leask are not only well acquainted with their business, but that they also give practical demonstration of the fact. Since the daguerrean application to the hat, the business at the stores above mentioned has been steadily on the increase, and now few firms transact such a large business as Rafferty & Leask; such is the favor the Daguerrean Hat has met with from the New York public.

Success!

The successful results, during the past few years, have proved beyond question, that Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, for the prevention and cure of chaps, chafes, &c., &c., is the most efficacious and really useful article ever offered to the public. It is also unequalled for giving a clear and youthful appearance to the complexion. Dr. Gouraud has also successfully introduced to the notice of the public a superior article of Hair Dye, which changes the hair to a beautiful brown, or jet black, without the least injury to the hair or skin. This latter is an important consideration, as many of the Hair Dyes offered for sale are not only incapable of performing the miracles promised, but are oftentimes injurious both to the hair and skin. All the Cosmetics prepared by Dr. Gouraud can be depended on as being all they are stated to be, as nothing that will prove the least hurtful is used in their manufacture. Dr. Gouraud's office is at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

How did you like

That Stew and Fry you partook of at "Ned's Snug Harbor?" Were they not delicious?—Well, such is the way all the dishes prepared at 362 Broome street are served up. The ales, wines, liquors and segars are also of the best quality, and never fail to give entire satisfaction. "Ned's Snug Harbor" is a good anchoring place.

Sport!

GREAT SPORT ON ST. PATRICK'S Night at James McLoughlin's, Sportsman's Retreat, 155 First Avenue. 1st. There will be 5 Collars to run for. The Sports of the Evening will commence with the Bear Jenny Lind. 2d. The celebrated Badger Sport. 3d. The Coon Hickory. 4th. There will be 200 Rats to kill. Black Tan Terriers will have eight Rats each. Bull Terriers will have eight Rats each. The Dogs making the best time will receive the Collars. Coolers and Rats free of charge.

Sport to commence at 7 o'clock.

CURE YOURSELF.

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL THERE has existed in large cities and populous towns, a species of disease the dependence and propogation of which, results from the violation of divine and moral laws. To those afflicted the AMERICAN COMPOUND is presented to their notice, as being the most certain, speedy and valuable specific, ever offered to the unfortunate. It has wherever known acquired a reputation, that daily experience continues to strengthen, is not unmerited. Thousands have been cured by its use, and as it leaves no odor on the breath, requires no restriction in diet nor business; contains no *Mercury* or noxious drugs, in the least injurious to the system, it is boldly presented as the best remedy yet discovered. It has long been used in the practice of a Physician, with unfailing success, radically curing ninety-nine out of a hundred cases. Whites, with which thousands of females suffer, without the knowledge of remedy. Full and plain directions for self treatment, are around each bottle. Price $1.

☞ Caution!—Observe that the genuine has the written signature of the proprietor on the wrapper, and name blown in the bottle. For sale by C. H. Ring, No. 192 Broadway, corner of John; W. M. Giles, cor of Thirteenth and Sixth Avenue; C. B. Cox, No. 10 Eighth Avenue; cor Bleecker and Charles street; cor. of Grand and Bowery; 353 Sixth Avenue; cor. Broadway and thirty-fourth street, New York. No. 49 Fulton street, Brooklyn; French and Richards, cor. Tenth and Market sts., Philadelphia; E. Stahl, Pratt and Charles sts., Baltimore; A. M. Santos & Co., Norfolk; Haviland, Mirald & Co., Charleston; T. M. Turner & Co., Savannah; and by druggists, in all the large towns and cities throughout the United States; also San Francisco, California. Price $1 per bottle.

DANCING SCHOOL,

AT FRANKLIN HALL, CORNER OF Montgomery and Warren streets, Jersey City, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week, under the direction of Mickey Free.

SHELTON'S AMERICAN BRASS BAND.

THE ANNUAL BALL OF SHELTON'S American Brass Band will take place at the Apollo Rooms on Monday Evening, March 13th, 1854.

Tickets, one dollar; to be obtained at the Band Head Quarters, 366 Broome street, or at the door on the evening of the ball. 3t

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,

FOR THE CURE OF VENEREAL DISEASE IN ALL ITS FORMS.

IF YOU ARE UNFORTUNATE AND want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me, and you will receive scientific treatment, a quick cure, and moderate charge. Private rooms for each person. All post paid letters attended to. GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,

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MEDICAL ADVISER

AND MARRIAGE GUIDE—ELEVENTH Edition, 340 pages, cloth; with nearly seventy five colored engravings—representing all the diseases of the genital organs of the male and female; the most complete and practical work on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the male and female sexual systems ever published, with the latest experiments and discoveries in Reproduction. It illustrates anatomically and fully with the plates everything pertaining to the male and female genital systems; with a full description of the causes, symptoms and most certain mode of cure of all the infirmities and diseases to which they are liable from the secret habits of youth, and excesses of maturer age, as involuntary loss of Semen and Impotency, and innocent or unforeseen affections, and those resulting from contraction, as Syphilis, (Primary and Constitutional,) Conorrhœa or Blenorrhagia, (Clap) Gleet, Strictures, &c., &c., with numerous certificates of the most unparalleled cures ever performed. Every person, both married and single, should read this work.

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Price 50 cents. Dr. Tobias' Office, 60 Courtland street, New York. Mar 4.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. ATLANTIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, March 18th, 1854, at 10½ o'clock A.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 11, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. NORTH STAR Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday April 3, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 11, 1854.

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Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Moussle, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

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Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

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Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

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Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs. Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment.

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Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendations of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

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Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

Sales Room No. 10.

Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings. Gold, plain, white, buff, and scroll window shades, at 6s., 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair. Table and piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s. 5d., 5s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, 8c., 9c.

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GRATEFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE he has already received, tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally. He would respectfully

Sporting Items.

A DAY AT EPSOM RACES.

IT'S A POOR HEART THAT NEVER REJOICES!

The family of the Twankeys are great tea dealers in the metropolis. Old Twankey, as the phrase goes, had done all his dirty work, and to use his own words, "when he commenced business, he could scarcely jingle two shillings together:" he was originally a porter to a large tea warehouse, and Mrs. Twankey was the cook; but having found favor in each other's eyes—what with the perquisites of the kitchen, and the 'funds and numbs' of the place of porter, they put their odd matters together, and swore constancy at the hymenial altar. In consequence of such union their interests became as one; they had an eye to the mean chance of life, and, entertaining the old but true notions that servitude is no inheritance, took a shop for themselves, scarcely bigger than a nobleman's salt-box. Up early, and to bed late, their shop was always opened the first in the neighborhood, and was the last with the shutters closed. Mrs. Twankey, being above vulgar prejudices, lent a helping hand to fill the till by waiting upon her customers: success crowned their exertions; and the coppers soon rolled into shillings, silver into pounds, and the sovereigns into notes; their cash became too bulky to keep at home; stock was purchased at the Bank; freeholds were bought; a residence among the barristers and fashionable cits in Gower street was taken, and Mr. Twankey ultimately became one of the Common Council, with an aspiring eye towards becoming an alderman, and all that sort of city greatness which might ultimately place him in the golden coach.

Their union was blessed with a boy and a girl, named Theophilus Henry and Penelope Georgiana—two prime chits in their way. Education was forced upon these children, just as much as it had been neglected by the parents. Gentility was the idol of the young folks, while, on the contrary, all the cutting-out and padding of the tailor could not polish old Mr. Twankey; nor could the superior embellishments of the dressmaker and milliner give address to Mrs. T. No, they were always designated the "Rich Old Grocer and his Wife." Old Twankey and his rib had scarcely had a day's pleasure in their lives—working from morning to night was their hobby; and the shop, and nothing else but the shop, their continual theme of delight. But as Mrs. Twankey got up in the world, and heard so much about Epsom Races amongst her new and tip-top acquaintances, she determined, for once in her life, to do the 'genteel,' and give her son and 'darter' a treat to see the 'Darby'—"Derby, mamma," replied Penelope with a blush upon her cheek, and in a whisper, "Mamma, pray be upon your guard when we are upon the Course and near to the nobility!" "For God's sake! do mother,' cried Theophilus—"Should any slip of that sort occur, it would ruin me in the estimation of my schoolfellows and acquaintances; they would set me down as an upstart, in spite of our property." "Never fear, my boy and girl," cried Old Twankey, "let them langh that likes; I have got that in my pocket, if I have it not in my head, which will make you, your sister, the old woman, and myself intelligible through life; so let us get ready, the coach will be here in a few minutes." The coach came: "Now, Mrs. Twankey, take your seat, and make yourself comfortable," said Mr. Twankey. "I likes the look of the carriage very well indeed," observed Mrs. T., "but, postboys, are the horses sure-footed? Your master received particular orders from my husband, last night, not to send any stumbling creatures." "Why as to that ere, Ma'am—my Lady, I should have said—I believe no man in our line would insure his cattle from going down. Accidents will happen, and the best of us are liable to make slips at times." "Yes, it may be so, but that won't do for me; I wouldn't have them trip up for all the tea in—" "Hush my dear mamma," cried Miss Pen., "we are out upon pleasure, not business." "It is all perfectly safe," said Theophilus in a subdued tone of voice. "Do not, mother, ask any more questions—what will the men think of us?" "Get on boys," said the Old Grocer; and they did get on. The horses were good; the boys pushed along, passing every thing on the road. Clouds of dust, myriads of horsemen, vehicles of all sorts—a complete world in motion. "My dear husband," observed Mrs. T., "what a rate we are going! I am frightened out of my wits!—We shall be overturned I am sure!—I tremble every limb of me!—I am choked with the dust!—All my clothes will be spoiled!—My four-guinea bonnet will be done for!—I shall never be able to wear my silk pelisse any more!—O dear! I wish I had not come; I would sooner have been at home behind the coun—" "Mamma, mamma! think where you are," cried Miss Pen. "It is fine talking, my love, but all my thoughts are jolted out of me—I wish I could stop the coach." "It will soon stop," said Theophilus Henry, with a grin on his countenance. —"Here is a turnpike at hand." "Come, be quick, Sir—your ticket!" bawled out the man at the gate. "You ought to have got it ready, and not be fumbling in your pockets for it all the day—Don't you see the string of carriages behind you?" "It is our coach," angrily replied Mrs. Twankey. "Yes, ma'am, I suppose it is—for the day; but you can't gammon me; it an't job for all that—we knows the hack-horses—we are up to snuff—such tales won't do for Jem and I, so we must have the day ticket, or you don't go through—that's the long and the short of the matter." "What an impudent fellow to talk to genteel folks! I wish I was a man, I'd teach you better manners!" said Mrs T., bursting with rage. "That may so appear as how to you, ma'am, and we turnpike folks are considered a little bit impertinent on race days by the Greenies, who don't know vat traveling is; a parcel of folks who puts by a penny a week to give themselves a holiday once in their lives. We can't lose our time in bowing and scraping to people, or picking our vords; we have our work to do, and that must be done, or else our props will give us the go-by, or, in other vords, turn us up. Ve do every ting in the reg'lar vay—If you have no tickets, you are of no use to us; therefore, as how you see, ve must have the *blunt*, or else you don't go through. I believe as how, at least I never heard of it, did you Jem?—that my Hact of Parliament had been passed to teach us turnpike chaps to diskiver gentle-folks from commoners."

The dispute about the ticket having been arranged by the Old Grocer paying for the negligence of the boy's, the turnpike-man's cry of "All's right!" again set the vehicle in motion, and the lads scarcely having room to clear an inch of the other carriages, made the best of their way through numberless gigs, curricles, tandoms, fours, overloaded wagons, crowded carts, glass coaches, shatter-dans, flys, &c., contesting every bit of the road with the sixteen mile an hour tits, down to the roarers, the gibs, the limpers (only fit for dogs): in truth, such was the eagerness displayed by the inhabitants of the first city in the world to witness the great Derby Stakes contended for at Epsom, that everything in the shape of a horse was brought into play, to the complete 'clean-out' of all the livery-stables in the metropolis.

The boys pulled up at the inn-door at Ewell. Mrs. Twankey eagerly inquired the cause of the delay. "Why, ma'am," replied the lads, "please ye, my lady, we must stop a little bit, ye see, to take the dust out of our hanimals' mouths; for, if we push forward to the ground, we must not be able to get water under a shilling for a half a pailful; therefore, you see, Ma'am, the spur is of no service, and the whip will not do any good. If we do not attend upon our cattle, they will not move.—Lord bless you, my lady, the horses know as well as we do, that it is race-time, and they will have refreshment. We boys too (by the bye, two old men) if you please; my lady, likewise stand in need of a little summut to drink." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Twankey, "and is water really so dear?—What a fine speculation it would be for the New River Company to furnish water at such a price!"

The course appeared to the delighted eyes of the whole of the Twankey family. "I am, indeed, astonished!" said Mrs. Twankey: "the more I cast my eyes around, the more I have to admire. —What a beautiful building!" "Yes, Mamma," replied Miss Pen., "it is an elegant Stand—the sight altogether surprises me—what an immense assemblage of persons!—I must confess, I was not at all prepared for it—I am delighted beyond measure."

"Well," said Mr. Twankey (rubbing his hands in ecstacy), "this sight will repay us for all the dust and other disagreeables we have had to encounter during our long journey—won't it my dear Mrs. T.?— Come, lads, get us a good place near the Stand, and take out the horses, that we may take a walk over the Course, and look at the booths and other novelties."

The Twankey family, having settled the above preliminaries to their mind, went to view the Course. The first thing that attracted their notice was an elegantly fitted-up *un, deux, cinque* booth; and they listened with great attention to the invitation given by the man at the door, 'Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, to the royal game of '*un, deux, cinque*;' we are liberal to the echo; we are not like your London play-managers, we do not charge for admission; therefore, I say, walk in. Now is the time to make your fortune if you only bring plenty of sovereigns with you and you are lucky—that is the grand art of making your fortunes—you may also perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that I give you advice gratis; that is, in plain English, for nothing. I like to make myself intelligible to prevent mistakes. This game is a royal game, therefore it is strictly fashionable; no commoners are allowed to put down their money, or to mix with the first rate quality, which always visits this here grand booth at this partiklar time of the year. —Stand by, good people, for the dukes, lords, and other persons belonging to the Upper House, who are eager to walk in without any interruption.—There is the red color for those that approve of red; there is the black by way of variety; but, should any lady or gentleman fancy the blue, there is the blue color for them: and no questions will be asked.' "This man talks very fair," said Mr. Twankey, "suppose we go in and take a peep;" when young Theophilus soon lost a few half-crowns by way of paying towards the expenses of the booth.

"Who is that gentleman nodding to you upon that carriage in so *family* a manner, my dear Pen?" "Familiarly!" whispered Theophilus to his mother. "See Mamma," answered Miss Penelope, "don't you?—it is Mr. Smithers, the gentleman we met one night last season at Vauxhall, in company with my father's friend Mr. Molasses; he knows every thing:—Mr. Smithers—if you remember, you said he was as good as an almanac, as intelligent as a bill of the play, as instructive as the Court Guide, and as communicative as the London Directory." "Yes, Pen., you are right." answered Mrs. T., "he was very entertaining, and the most excellent company; he knows everything." "Does he?" said Theophilus with a sneer—"he knows every thing but his own business —I hate him—he is such a presuming, self-important fellow, and I long to tell him so!" "O fie!" replied Mrs. T., "you must be polite to him now; another time say what you like—I perceive he is making up to us." After the usual congratulations had passed between them, "You are come very opportunely," said Miss Pen.; we shall become acquainted with all the public characters now you are with us, Mr. Smithers." "You flatter me, Miss," replied Mr. Smithers; "but you may command my services. Well, then, to commence —have you met with any of the conveyancers in your walk over the Course?" Conveyancers! who do you mean, Mr. Smithers?" exclaimed Mr. Twankey. "The conveyancers," said Mr. S., laughing, "are a set of men who convey property from one to another without the use of parchment, or the aid of lawyers; by other inteligent persons they are styled artists, being in the drawing profession, although they are extremely averse to having their own likenesses taken; but by the vulgar sort of folks they are ignorantly alluded to as pick-pockets." "O dear! Mr. Smithers," said Mrs. T., "be kind enough to point out some of these conveyancers to us." "Not for the world, Madam—my life would be at stake; and I might be conveyed to a bone-house to be owned, by making my exit from society before my time was come. I have put you on your guard, at all events—I must leave you for the present to return to my party; but I will join you again before the race commences." On their return to the vehicle, their attention was arrested by a man with a small table, upon which were three thimbles with peas under them, similar to the jugglers with the cups and balls. "Now's your time to make money," said the fellow, playing with the thimbles; "I'll bet five pounds the pea is under that thimble," —pointing to it. "It is not," said Mr. T., "I saw him throw the pea away." "You never could see it in your life,' replied the hero of the thimble; "you can't see the pea when you look at it: besides, I'll bet you ain't got a shilling in your pocket; and, if you have, you borrowed it. Why you know, ould chap, you only got your togs down the spout last night"—(a loud laugh from his confederates)—"This poor ould fellow is supernaviated, he does not know what he says." "Don't I, you insolent fellow," answered Mr. T., angrily; "do you think I can't believe my own eyes?" "No, my old covey," replied the man, "and I'll bet you a sovereign the ball is under that thimble."

"Well," said Mrs. Twankey, "you shall bet him a sovereign for his impudence; you are sure to win, that the sovereign is not under the thimble." Mr. T. put down the sovereign in a rage—when the bubble soon burst—the old grocer lost the money, amidst loud shouts of laughter from the thimble-man and his confederates. The latter fellows now taunted Mr. T. to have "another shy, as he might be more lucky the next time." This language produced a sort of pushing of several of them against the grocer and his family, who, with great difficulty, extricated himself and his wife from their clutches. "I am very glad, my dear," said Mrs. T., "we have got safe from those fellows; never mind the sovereign."

"The Course now looks interesting indeed; every part of it seems filled with company," exclaimed Miss Pen., "and they all appear so happy, taking their dinners and wine. I think we had better get to our coach as fast as possible, and take some refreshment; it will not be long before the horses start, I suppose. Papa, be kind enough to tell me how the time goes?" Mr. Twankey, on putting his hand to his fob, almost ready to faint, said, "It's gone! O the rascals!" "What is gone, Mr. T?" asked his wife. My gold watch, chain, and seals—all are gone! by those cursed conveyancers that Mr. Smithers talked about." On recovering himself a little, he made his loss known to a police officer, while the family made all haste to their carriage, not in the best humor.

During the time they were lunching, and lamenting their losses, a dispute occurred between the coachman of a duke and a costardmonger, by the latter insisting upon standing behind the carriage in spite of the coachman and footman attempting to displace him. "What does I care for a duke." said he, "any more than a dustman! The King, God bless him! I knows would let me stand behind his wehicle if I axed him. I supposes as how I am made out of the same flesh and blood as any of them there dukes who hold their heads so high—why I know'd the duke when he wanted a shirt." "You lieing scoundrel!" replied the coachman, "how dare you abuse my master?" It's no abuse," answered the custardmonger; "and I'll bet you a kavarten of Seager's brilliant that is a bit of good truth. Why, you stupid fool, he was born like other men —without a shirt. Well, he wanted one then, didn't he, spooney?"

In England, it is this sort of saucy independence which distinguishes its mob. Deny them not their pleasures—let them have their *say*, and beard the great folks if it suits their whim—grumble at anything they do not understand or like—and contentment is the result. The names of oppression and power bring forth thousands in an instant to oppose them. This sort of championship against, or perhaps in reality jealousy of, power of all kinds, even in the lowest ranks, peculiarly marks the national character.

When the foregoing battle of words had subsided, Mrs. Twankey missed her reticule. While she was listening to the fracas, some person had got up behind the carriage, and carried off its valuable contents. "This is all through coming to the races!" exclaimed Mrs. T. in a tone of agony. "I shall go distracted—I am mad already—robbed in this manner and no redress to be had, it is abominable!" "Compose yourself, my dear mamma," said Miss P.; "I see Mr. Smithers coming towards us—he will tell you and papa the proper means to get the watch and reticule back again." The plausible manner of Mr. S. went a great way towards the consolation of the Twankeys. "I will," said he, "as soon as I get back to town, speak to my friends the magistrates about your loss, and I have no doubt but it will be rectified. I will set all the thief-takers in London after the rascals—so a truce to melancholy now, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Twankey. Depend upon it, I will be as good as my word." This soothed the unhappy couple for a time.

"I never saw so much beauty and fashion," said Miss Pen., looking up at the Stand, "in my life!"

"There are some pretty women, I admit," replied Mr. Smithers, "and also a sprinkling of beauty and fashion; but for the rest," (shrugging up his shoulders,) "they come under the denomination of well dressed folks, nothing more —persons wholly indebted to the tailor and dressmaker for their appearance."

"You are too severe," answered Miss Pen., "but pray who is that fashionably dressed female, who seems in such high spirits, and to whom all the gentlemen are paying so much attention?"

"O, I perceive," said Mr. S., "the person you allude to is a lady newly come to a title; but I hate scandal, 'pon my honor I do: yet they do say she had at least five keepers before."

"Poor dear lady! out of her mind!" answered Mrs. Twankey, "what a pity to be so afflicted!"

"O, my dear madam," said Mr. S., suppressing a laugh, "before she could get any one in the mind to be her partner for life —" (whispering in her ear. "Indeed! you surprise me, Mr. S.," replied Mrs. Twankey

"Nothing new for fashionable people to marry so—an every-day sort of thing —a mere bagatelle!" answered Mr. S.

"Who is that sallow-complexioned, smirking-looking gentleman near her?" asked Mrs. Twankey.

"He is a great lawyer when on the bench, Mr. Justice —," said Mr. S., laughing; "but having left his wig behind him, he has not a particle of either law or justice now attached to his person!"

"O, fie!" observed Miss Pen., "you are really too severe; but who is that gentleman appearing to be rather lame, whom the crowd are gazing upon—is he not some public character!"

"Yes, my dear Miss Penelope," answered Mr. S., "he is a very public character, but, strange to say, he is always at home."

"How very odd," said Miss Pen.

"Not at all, Miss Pen. I should have said his talents are of such superior description, he is at home everywhere."

"But I should like to know if you can tell me, who is that young gentleman in conversation with the dashing young lady near the corner of the Stand?"

Mr. S. replied, with a smile:

"He is one of our celebrated singers, and a good fellow into the bargain; but, however his notes may prove attractive elsewhere, they will not pass current here, without they are indorsed with the cash account for the sport. 'That's the time of day,' to the jockies and trainers; the pleasing sounds to them are 'Post the money! down with the dust, P. P.!' but you must excuse me, my dear Miss Penelope, everything in its place: when we are at Rome, you know, we must do as Rome does."

"But hark! I hear the bell ring for saddling," observed Mr. Smithers, "look out, my dear friends, make the most of your time, and listen to B. there. Goldfinch, in the Road to Ruin, is a mere apology to B. for the description of a race. He is an eccentric character, altogether. Look! his hands, his legs, his arms, his head, are all at work; his frame is almost reduced to a jelly with agitation. The Bank, the Reform question, the world, in fact, everything is lost sight of in his anxiety at the race; he is one of the favorites of fortune. He is known to carry with him one of his fine Holland pillow-cases to fill with the money produced from his bets; and he brings his dog-cart with him, after the races, to Tattersall's to carry off the large sums he wins to the Bank. Listen! there they go; now they are off. Hæmus takes the lead; Bras de Fer second; Cuidad Rodrigo following, accompanied by Slight and Colwich; good, well meant; I like it. Look at Riddlesworth, Vestris, Caleb, Africanus, Fordonsi, and Pigmy, on the outside, just as I wish them. Judgment! Excellent, and not lost in the mob. Now they are on the turn. See! see! see! Colwich is distressed; Rattler no chance; Roadster out of it altogether; Surprise attracts no notice, and Cressida done up! The corner is gained, I am all alive again. Beautiful! Delightful! Charming! See how close they are together. Behold Hæmus, Riddlesworth, Cuidad, and Fordonsi, all in front. Go along, my pretty ones, the winner is amongst them! Riddlesworth for a thousand. Ha! do my eyes deceive me? Spaniel and Incubus appear to be creeping up in a good place; Silenus is of no use; she lags, declines. What a picture for an artist! There's stepping out for you: only look at the action! talk of opera dancers! Psha! Take notice: Incubus, Fordonsi, and Ciudad are as close together as a pill-box. What a prime racer is Riddlesworth! a picture of a horse, there's nothing like Rid. on the course for blood and bone. The whip! the whip! make play, my boy, and you can't lose it! Take care of that Spaniel! Now, I look again, it is dangerous. Spur, Riddlesworth, boy! get over the ground if it break your neck! The race is between Riddlesworth and Spaniel; it will be a near thing. You don't name the winner for a thousand; they are neck and neck. See what a plunge Spaniel has made; very near winning it."

"Near it," exclaims the Steward, "Spaniel has won by three-quarters of a length."

"Only look, my dear Mrs. Twankey, at the long faces of the losers," exclaimed Mr. Smithers, "the knowing ones have dropped their blunt. I beg pardon; they have lost their money: they are done brown!"

"How can you tell a knowing one?" asked Mr. Twankey.

"Why," replied Mr. Smithers, "I must admit that's a puzzler. Instead of knowing, they should be termed 'foolish ones.' As a proof of their sagacity and turf knowledge, 50 to 1 was the betting against the winning horse; in fact, Spaniel was never named as having any chance by the knowing ones."

Mr. Smithers having made his bow, the Twankeys immediately prepared themselves to leave the Course; but as many things happen between the cup and the lip, the 'pitiless pelting storm' soon made its way through all their finery, and, before they could close up their carriage, another misery of life presented itself. The carriage hinges were out of repair, and some considerable time elapsed before they were protected from the weather.

"Get on, post-boys," cried Theophilus Henry, "and stop at the first respectable inn you come to."

The lads went off at a good round pace; but, on their coming in contact with numberless carriages, where the roads meet, smack went a pole through the pannels, the violent shock of which nearly upset the whole of the Twankeys in the mud. To describe the consternation and fright of Mrs. and Miss T. is impossible. Life could scarcely be kept in them. After the confusion and swearing had a little subsided, and they had recovered themselves without injury, the supposed aggressor having left his card by way of reparation for the damages done to Mr. T.'s coach, which in their hurry they did not perceive, had only the name of Thompson on it, thus getting rid of the accident altogether, and saddling the expenses upon the Twankeys. They again made progress on the road, when the carriage pulled up at a tolerably decent looking house. On getting out, a mob of boys had assembled round the door, and the first salutations the Twankeys met with —'What a shocking bad bonnet that female woman has got on her head?'—'Only look at that queer tile upon that old chap's nob!' and other like most agreeable greetings, accompanied with loud shouts of laughter, and other marks of ridicule. To mend the matter, or rather to make a bad introduction worse, every room was crowded with company; the bells incessantly ringing; the cries of 'Waiter, waiter,' from the top of the house to the bottom; plenty of orders, but no attention paid to them; and several persons intercepting the servants, and fighting for hot water, bread and butter, &c.

After the patience of Mrs. T. was completely tired out, and calling the waiter fifty times at least, she said:

"I insist, man, you will pay some attention to what I want."

"Insisting won't fit here, Ma'am," replied the waiter, "you may insist as much as you please, but who cares for it? You are only one of God A'mighty's customers; and if the chovies hadn't come down so fast, and drove you into this here house, we shouldn't have had you at all; but I can tell you, Ma'am, for your comfort, the cream is all gone; no milk to be had; and if you stop here until midnight, you will not get anything. We are drained quite dry of everything in the liquor way."

The Twankeys found it useless to complain, and bore all their misfortunes with a kind of stoic consolation that their troubles would soon be over; but after repeated exertions made by Theophilus at the bar, with persuasions and almost threats, some refreshments were obtained for his almost exhausted mother and sister. The post-boys had attended to their horses, and the Twankeys, being in a little better humor, made another start for London.

The streets of the metropolis were duly gained; the gas-lights seemed to send forth more brilliant rays than ever to the anxious eyes of Mrs. Twankey. The old grocer began to chuckle to himself, that like his predecessor, Johnny Gilpin, he had gone farther than he intended, but got safe home at last. The horses, like hack horses in general, upon feeling the stones under their feet, trotted along merrily without the whip; even the post-boys were glad their tiresome journey was at an end. Miss Penelope Twankey, quite disappointed, fatigued, end out of temper, that neither her 'dear self' nor her great fortune had made any conquest; and Theophilus, the best informed of the family of the Twankeys, equally disgusted that the day had turned out a bore instead of a record of pleasure. The name of Twankey, on the shining brass-plate, was never viewed before with half such pleasure by the family. The knocker's rattling peal occasioned the door to open in a twinkling, and the family were at length seated by their own fireside. The joy of Mrs. Twankey was so great, that she could not disguise it, and began humming the well-known air:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

It is true that Mrs. T. did not sing the above pathetic ballad exactly after the penetrating strains of Miss M. Tree, neither did it resemble the harmonious notes of Mrs. Waylett; but, nevertheless, it came from the heart.

"Thank God," said she, upon seating herself in her elbow chair, "I am once more at home. The watch and reticule we shall have again, I hope, through Mr. Smithers; if not, I am at home, and no matter. If ever they catch me again, at the races, why then my friends shall tell my name is not Twankey, and I am not satisfied with my home."

"Yes, my dear," echoed Mr. T., "and I will not allow those blackguard little boys to insult me with the prevailing, foolish, unmeaning phrase of 'What a shocking bad hat you have got!' if ever they lay hold of me more. No more races for me. No more thimbles for me. I shall hate the sight of a thimble till the last hour of my life."

"La! Pa," exclaimed Miss Penelope, "do not be so angry about the loss of a sovereign."

"Well, I won't; I'll bear in mind with cheerfulness," said old Twankey, "one of my copies which I used to write when I was a schoolboy: 'All's well that ends well.'"

THE COYA.

In the district of Popayan (according to Ulloa's Voyages,) which lies to the north of Quito, there occurs an insect of very remarkable properties. It is shaped liked a spider, and is much less than a bug: its common name is coya, but others call it coyba; its color is of a fiery red, and, like spiders, it is generally found in the corners of walls, and among the herbage. Its venom is of such a malignity, that on squeezing the insect, if any happen to fall on the skin of either man or beast, it immediately penetrates into the flesh, and causes large tumors, which are soon succeeded by death. The only remedy hitherto known, is, on the first appearance of a swelling, to singe the parts all over the body with the flame of straw, or long grass growing in those plains. In order to do this, the Indians of that country lay hold of the patient, some by the feet and others by the hands, and with great dexterity perform the operation, after which the person is reckoned to be out of danger. But it is to be observed, that though this insect be so very noxious, yet squeezing it between the palms of the hands is attended with no bad consequence: from whence the plain inference is, that the callus, usual on the hands of most people, prevents the venom from reaching the blood. Accordingly the Indian muleteers, to please the curiosity of the passengers, squeeze them between the palms of their hands, though unquestionably, should a person of a delicate hand make the trial, the effects would be the same as on any other part of the body.

EXTRAORDINARY HARE HUNT.

The annals of hare-hunting scarcely furnish a more remarkable instance of sporting pleasure than that afforded in the admirable running of our Kilkenny harriers on St. Stephen's day. The hounds threw off at Bonnetts-town, and in a short time a hare was soho'd, which afforded good sport for about twenty minutes, when the hounds were drawn off. Soon after, a second hare was started in the bog of Monevidrew, adjoining Clonan. She ran over the hill of Ballydaniel, very near to Three Castles, and thence by the hill of Kilroe to the back of Bonnett's-town demesne; she then went in the direction of Knockroe-cover, where she crossed the road and made for Barrack-hill, passing by the house of Bouleshea, and through the bottoms to Curragh-hill, at which place she "gave a view;" and shortly after was terminated the existence of one of the stoutest hares that ever ran. Poor puss, at the lowest calculation, ran a distance of twelve Irish (upwards of fifteen English) miles, in about an hour and twenty minutes. Several horsemen were thrown off as well as out, and but six sportsmen were in at the death, among whom was E. Cooke, Esq., the public-spirited proprietor of the Kilkenny harriers; Mr. Cummings, of High-street, and the huntsman also rode well throughout. There was but one check, for a few minutes, during the whole hunt.—Some of the country people, astonished at the rapidity with which the hounds were going, repeatedly asked, "Is it a fox?"—The harriers have had nine splendid hunts this season, but the above was by far the most brilliant.

TROTTING MATCH ON THE ICE.—A very interesting trotting match took place, a few days ago, on the ice, from Samuel Rankin's Point, St. Anicet, to Dundee, a distance of fourteen miles, between the "Blue Bonnet," owned by Samuel Rankin, and the much renowned American "Walk Over," owned by Angus McIntosh, Esq. "Blue Bonnet" took the lead, and kept it at his ease, the American "Walk Over" following at some distance, not keeping in sight of the former the most of the way. "Blue Bonnet" made his trip in fifty-one minutes, and was stabled some time when "Walk Over" made his appearance, evidently a good deal jaded, and the driver much excited at the unexpected result. —*Montreal Herald, Feb.* 28.

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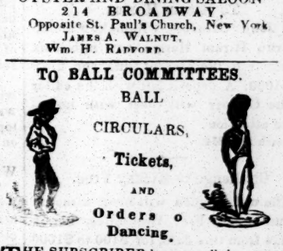

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